FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

INCLUDING NEW SUPPLEMENT—"THE SPHERE OF BOOKS"

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 28, 1933
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1762

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

OCT. 28
1933

You CAN ease Rheumatic Pains with

Genasprin

THE SAFE BRAND

OTARD'S

ESTABD 1795

THE BRANDY WITH A PEDIGREE

If you want the real old whisky

call for McCallum's

CANADIAN CLUB SMOKING MIXTURE AND CIGARETTES

"ARETHUSA" BOYS MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD

A MOST EARNEST APPEAL IS MADE FOR IMMEDIATE DONATIONS FOR

THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

MOORED IN THE MEDWAY, NEAR ROCHESTER,

Where 230 Poor Boys are now being trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

The old "Arethusa" Training Ship was condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service.

10,000 boys were sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

FORTIFICATION
SCOTCH WHISKY

When you want a Scotch Whisky—mellow and reliable—unchanging in quality—you want Fortification.

Founded 1816. Home or Overseas—Fortification is unexampled.

SIMPSON SHEPHERD & SONS, LTD., ABERDEEN.

SPORTING BRONZES

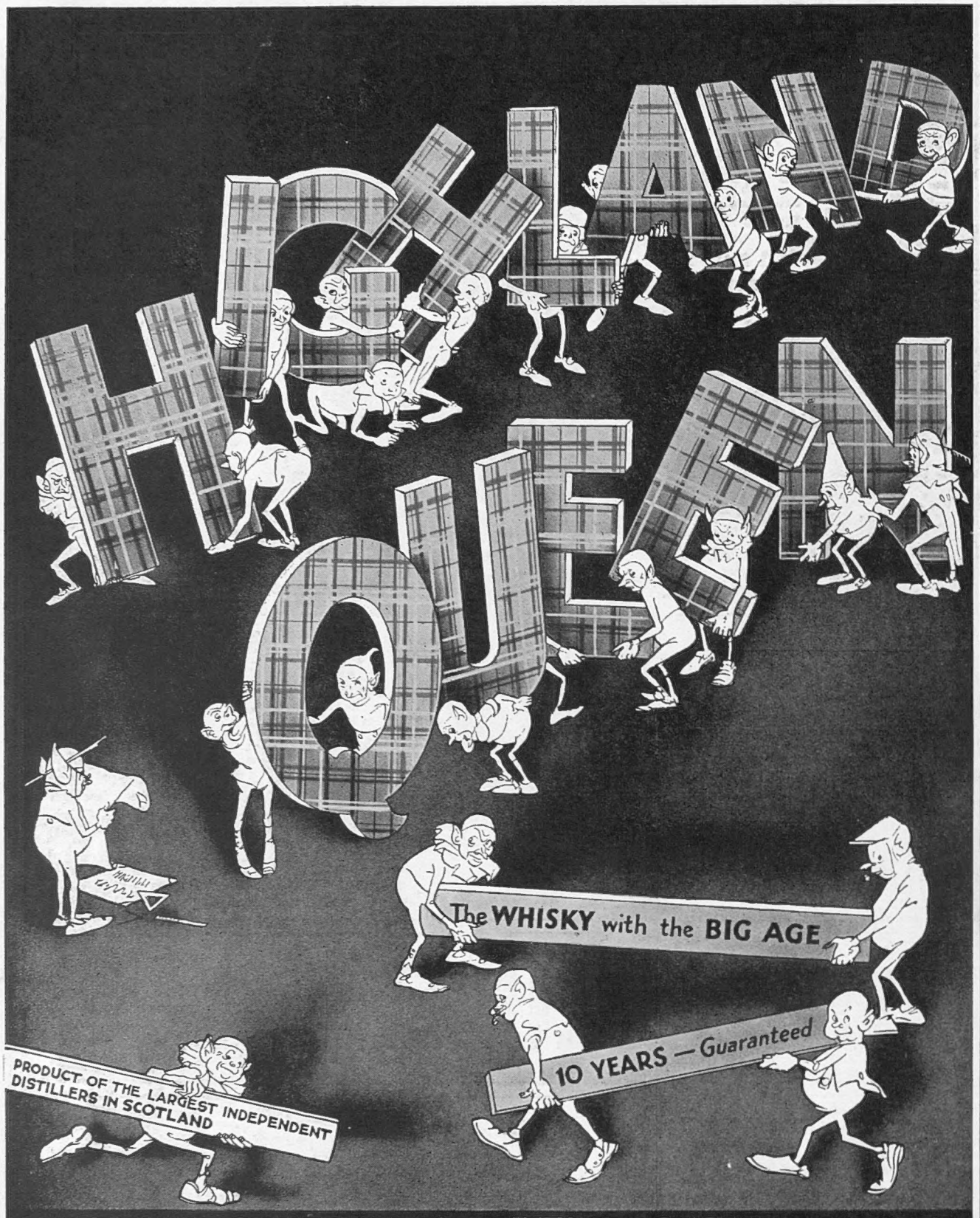
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by Sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1

PRICE ONE SHILLING

Office: 346, Strand, London, W.C.2



MACDONALD & MUIR, Distillers, LEITH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

GRANT'S
MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUITE THE IDEAL LIQUEUR FOR HOME ENTERTAINING
A century's reputation for quality
Also ask your Wine Merchant for Grant's Crême de Menthe & Sloe Gin
Little Lady Liqueurs

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy

AUSTRALIA.
TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and
THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, COLOMBO
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co. Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

Nature's fruit-remedy for CONSTIPATION

Violent purges cause more trouble than relief. Restore your bowels to normal functioning with the laxative principles of pure fruit contained in Tamar.

prescribed by doctors for over 50 years

This pleasant-tasting lozenge forms no habits and does not gripe; it is gentle and soothing, a permanent safeguard against piles, and relief for gastric and digestive troubles.

3/- per box

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

From all good Chemists. Write for generous sample to—Guyot Guenin & Son (Dept. SP.), 67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

Cuticura Talcum
cools
comforts

Fine, soft and smooth as silk, it keeps the skin comfortable twenty-four hours of the day. It also does much to prevent chafing and irritation.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.

BENGER'S Food
The Food the Doctor orders

FURS & FUR COATS
OF QUALITY, also COATS & GOWNS
Pay by small amounts that will pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.
Write for Catalogue to Dept. W.F.W.
SMARTWEAR Ltd.,
263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their announcements.

40 MILLION POPPIES READY FOR SALE
ON
REMEMBRANCE DAY
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The World's Greatest One-Day Appeal

Haig's Fund Assists Ex-Servicemen of all Ranks, Services and Creeds

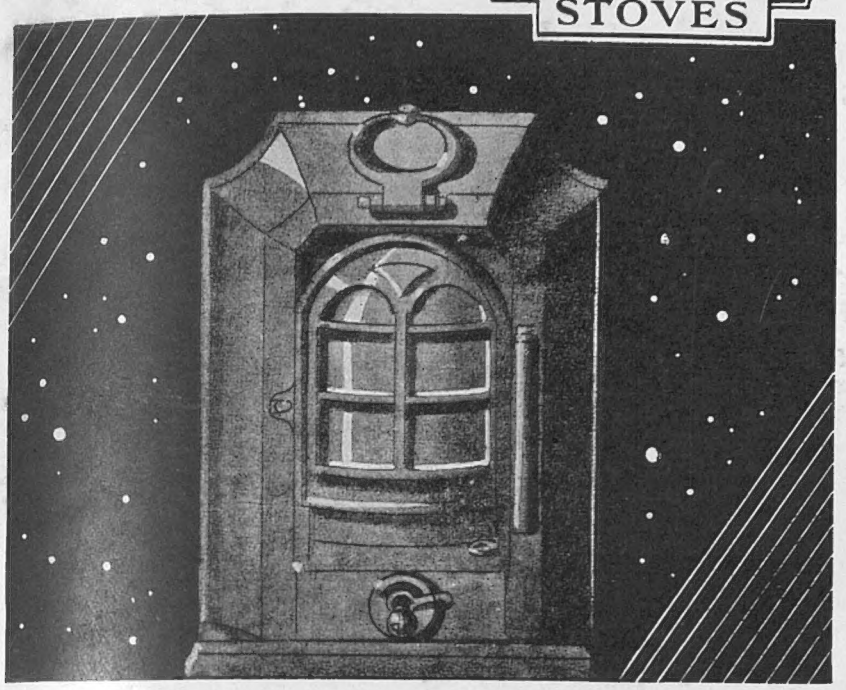
Necessity Their Only Qualification

BRITISH LEGION WORK, made possible by Poppy Day, includes the relief of distress, finding employment, sanatorium for tuberculous, help for the blind, workshops and homes for the disabled, pensions for the prematurely aged, etc.

YOU HAVE A SHARE IN THIS GREAT WORK because you buy Poppies on November 11th.

PLEASE HELP MAKE IT A GREATER WORK by paying a little more for your Poppy than you did last year and, if you are able, send a donation to EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL, Haig House, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

NOW IS THE TIME TO INSTAL THE ESSE STOVES



No matter the weather, the "ESSE" Stove will keep your home warm and cosy. Only requires refuelling with anthracite twice per 24 hours, at a nominal fuel cost of ¼d. per hour, the "ESSE" is more than a mere comfort—it is an essential.

No smoke, no soot, no dust. Easy to instal, the "ESSE" eliminates the risk of frozen pipes. For sick-room, hall, living-room or office there is nothing like the "ESSE" Stove—safe and reliable.

You can have your "ESSE" Stove in various metallic finishes or in one of several coloured enamels. Send for the "ESSE" Stove booklet and name of nearest dealer

In various shapes and designs from **£2 15 0** upwards

Smith & Wellstood
Est. 1854. Limited.
BONNYBRIDGE - - SCOTLAND

Showrooms: 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4
and at LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW

Q4

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French, Belgian, Swiss, and Italian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

The Velvet Gown

An example from a charming new collection of Evening Gowns at Swan & Edgar's

"Raymond"

Rich Raisin Velvet is used for this Gown with its new pleated back train and tiny self straps. The pleated shoulder epaulettes point the latest note in fashion. In colours to order.

6 gns.

Gowns: Third Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar Ltd., London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

clothes make the woman

. . . . though we do believe that the originator of this snappy slogan first referred to the less decorative sex.

and clothes do *make* one . . . . smart ; glamorous ; sportive ; jeune-fille-ish ; or any other adjective you like.

it's the choice of your outfit that will determine the rôle you play.

and "what to do about it" . . . . why call on corot, of course !

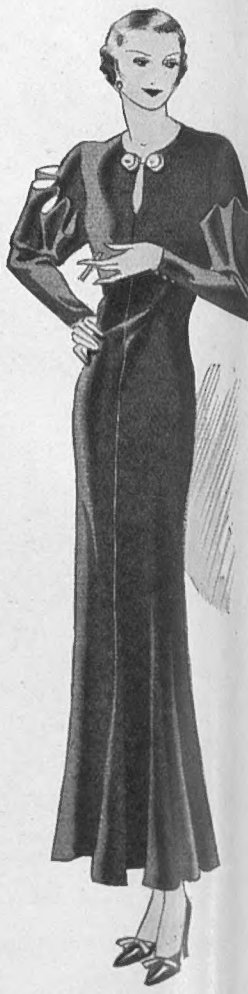
here's the designer of clothes for every woman, who will appreciate at once just what part you're cast for on your next appearance. and she'll enter, with you, into all the fun that can be had out of what can sometimes be a really nerve-racking job. if you're contemplating being ultra feminine in the edwardian mode . . . if a huntin'-and-shootin' manner is your best bet . . . if a modified adaptation of the extreme lines that some people are advocating is the thing to make you happy . . . **in fact, no matter who you are, madame corot will delight in finding just what expresses you best.**

prices are not expensive, as such a service might suggest . . . . and if it's only the thought of a sad bank balance that's preventing you from indulging your soul in what are really necessary items for the happiness of a woman . . . . let madame corot tell you all about the system of extended credit that she has inaugurated in her showrooms.

"that's a good girl"
a smart cinema gown in sand crêpe shews the high neck and pulled-down-at-the-back line that's so very new.
four-and-a-half guineas

"don't blame me"
stranded squirrel makes the collar of a slim-line coat in a novelty woollen weave, this time with the straight sleeves that so many prefer.
seven-and-a-half guineas

"fit as a fiddle"
and ready for any sporting engagement is a suit that allies a checked jacket with a plain toned skirt in a tweed weave. the jaunty bow's a feature.
five-and-a-half guineas



"firelight fancies"
streamlined almost is this princess afternoon gown of marocain with all the attention centred on the funnel type sleeves.
four guineas

corot (dept. s.r. 434), 33 old bond street, london, w.1 regent - 0234

Sans Faute!

This incredibly lovely coiffure is the one which allows you to appear everywhere and anywhere looking absolutely perfect. Its smoothness, its delicate chic, distinguish it from any other kind of coiffure, and any woman who adopts it is assured beforehand of every conceivable social triumph—so immediate and definite is its attraction.

Postiche. Hair Tinting. Dyeing.

EMILE LTD.

Exclusive Service. Perfect Point Winding, High Class Beauty Treatments.

24 & 25, CONDUIT STREET, W. 1

For the World's Famous Hair Experts—Emile's only.

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines) *Telegrams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."*

COME with us to SOUTH AFRICA and escape the winter

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR TOURS AT REDUCED RETURN FARES

By Mail Vessels from Southampton

DEC. 1 & 29, 1933. JAN. 12 & 26, 1934

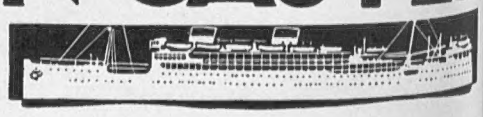
To Capetown and back :—

£90 FIRST CLASS **£60** SECOND CLASS **£30** THIRD CLASS

Fares to other South African ports on application
Also CHRISTMAS TOURS to MADEIRA.

Send for illustrated folder:–
Head Office : 3, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3. West End Agency : 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1, or Local Agents.

UNION-CASTLE LINE



23 F4

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 28, 1933

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE

The Wreck of the Cherbourg-Paris Express which Plunged over a Bridge in North-West France on Tuesday Morning

Over thirty people are known to have perished in the disaster which overtook the Cherbourg–Paris Express on Tuesday morning when travelling at about sixty-five miles an hour across a bridge between the stations of Conches and La Bonneville. As this picture shows, the engine tore up the track for at least fifty yards, and then plunged with the tender and four carriages over a 30-ft. embankment. The leading coaches were smashed to matchwood and the majority of their passengers were either killed instantly or drowned after the rising of the debris-dammed river. As soon as the news reached Evreux, the inhabitants closed their shops and businesses and immediately rushed to the rescue. Those who were injured in the rear coaches were at once released, but it was many hours before the bodies could be recovered from the twisted metal and splintered woodwork which had piled itself at the foot of the embankment. The exact cause of the disaster, which is the second to occur on a French railroad this year, was immediately made the subject of an official inquiry. It is thought in some quarters that the track became displaced as a result of recent heavy rains

Postage: Inland, 3d.; Canada and Newfoundland, ½d.; Foreign, 3½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

HONOURING THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR: A view of the crowd which gathered at the base of the Nelson Monument to inspect the many tributes placed there in honour of the 128th anniversary of the great commander's death

FIVE COLONELS OF THE GUARDS: The Duke of York (Scots Guards), Lord Cavan (Irish Guards), the Prince of Wales (Welsh Guards), the Duke of Connaught (Grenadier Guards), and General Sir Alfred Codrington (Coldstream Guards), who attended the unveiling of a memorial to Field-Marshal Lord Methuen at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

THE RECORD-BREAKERS: Mr. Charles Ulm (left), who flew from Feltham, Middlesex, to Derby, West Australia, in 6 days 17 hours 56 min., and thus beat the recently established record of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith (right) by 11 hours. The two airmen are close friends and have made several trans-ocean flights together

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday,
October 25, 1933.

THE GERMAN BUSINESS. — Europe, all things considered, is taking the crisis very quietly. During the past week the Cabinets of Europe have been in constant session, and only a certain amount has leaked out. A note of—may one say?—almost Edwardian cynicism and *laisser-faire* was observable last week wherever two or three met together to discuss the situation. It was as if in our progress to the millennium we had slipped back to 1906. It is dreadful to think how bitterly that very apparent change in our habit of mind must strike such men as Lord Cecil and Mr. Henderson who have banked all on the League and the Conference. The disappointment of Sir John Simon must be of another kind. It is the disillusionment of a sound lawyer who had made secure every point in his case only to find that other parties to the cause took a different, not to say a less exalted, view of the sanctity of the legal contract and the inviolability of agreed clauses. The fact remains that the spirit of the Edwardian Age did indeed emerge again quite unmistakably. People congratulated themselves on a little rise in armament counters and rang up their brokers. It began to leak out—there were, of course, wiseacres who had known it all along—that, in the past six months, re-arming in defiance of treaty obligations had been going on shamelessly. There were chapter and verse for authoritative reports of big orders for guns from more than one country whose territory rumour had made vulnerable. But the point I endeavour to stress is this: that these rumours and these activities were accepted and pursued with a cynicism and a sense of the inevitable which can only be described as *Edwardian*. And a return to the Edwardian habit of mind is not a healthy sign for those who believe, as all sane men must believe, that civilization stands or falls with the League. The first week following a crisis of such import is not a criterion. It is no more than a register of reaction. It is the calm after the storm. The extent of the damage and the means to repair it are yet to be discovered and decided.

THE VOICE OF THE BARTLETT.—We have had a period for quiet reflection after the bombshell of Saturday evening the 14th. It is probable that more persons learned the news of Germany's decision from the wireless than read it or heard it otherwise. Therefore on the B.B.C. fell the very grave responsibility of deciding how to treat the occasion. Should they soften the blow, should they stress its gravity, should they be coldly terse, or pulsingly verbose? I do not subscribe to the view that the B.B.C. is a sub-department of the Post Office, and should be the creature of the Government; neither, by token, does Sir John Reith, who has a will of iron. If the B.B.C. becomes the "Goebbels" of the British Government, you can have my box and for that matter all my hope of our nation learning to think individually. Unless, therefore, there be a Government bailiff always on duty at Broadcasting House, the Corporation had in that hectic hour to think for itself. What did it do? It did what any distracted householder would do—it rang the bell for the butler, Bartlett, that Admirable Crichton. Now, I have not always boosted Mr. Bartlett. I am ashamed to say I wrote last autumn that Mr. Bartlett needed a rest (like any other hard-working man) and that the B.B.C. relied too much on that familiar voice, expressing so amazing a number of diverse opinions and theories. The butler answered the bell and, so it happened (for he is a temperamental world critic), he was in a mood to feel some sympathy with Germany. As indeed, on the cooler morrow, I did, and still do.

"The Sphere of Books"

The Editor draws the attention of his readers to a special 24-page Book Supplement which is incorporated with this issue and which it is hoped will become a periodical feature of "The Sphere." In it will be found many articles and reviews, by expert hands, of outstanding publications in the Autumn lists

THE PROPER FUNCTION OF BROADCASTING.—I do not want to be stoned nor put on the mat with poor Mr. Bartlett and poor Sir John Reith, but when I heard that decision of Germany my first thought was: "Wouldn't Britannia (who never will be a slave) have done the same?" And again, "After all, have not the dictator (not to use the word victorious) Powers too long withheld that gesture, if no more, conceding equality of status to a nation known to be intensely proud, and ruled by its youth, and, incidentally, going some way to right the balance in armaments in defiance of treaty obligations?" Therefore, I did that night approve in my heart the sense of Mr. Bartlett's argument. I did not care for his drama, but I knew he was feeling intensely. I did not, and still do not, approve of the B.B.C. overworking their willing Admirable Crichton of World Politics. But, by Heaven! I should have smashed my box for ever if we had been treated

instead to a doctored and fool-proof, Government-inspected, passed-for-the-public, *démarché*, summary, and Cabinet approved opinion thereon, checked over the telephone by Sir John Simon. I think the voice of the Bartlett is heard overmuch in our land, but I should be sorry to have him replaced by a Post-master's Voice record. For the grave suspicion remains in my mind in regard to world politics that the mess might yet be cleared up if only the peoples could get together, could become articulate and voice their true opinions on these grave matters. I am not convinced that in Europe or America Government opinion is always the majority opinion of democratic States.

WEIGHT OF PUBLIC OPINION.—We hear more than ever before in our social life of "the weight of public opinion." We are led to believe that when the weight of public opinion is cast into the scales, that is decisive one side or the other. That is the very essence of democracy. It is government by the weight of public opinion. Which leads one to suppose that democracy has not yet been tried, has not yet arrived. For if you consider some of the burning problems of our day, you will perceive that public opinion carries no great weight with our own Government, for all its protestations of democratic intent. For a decade, to take a domestic instance, a clear majority of the nation has cried out for an end to be made to the menace of the roads and the wholesale slaughter of innocent lives. But the Government has not yet paid serious attention to the majority voice in its dread of the strident voices of two or three organized vested interests. In the matter of the road scandal, it is fair to say that the weight of public opinion has hitherto been negligible.

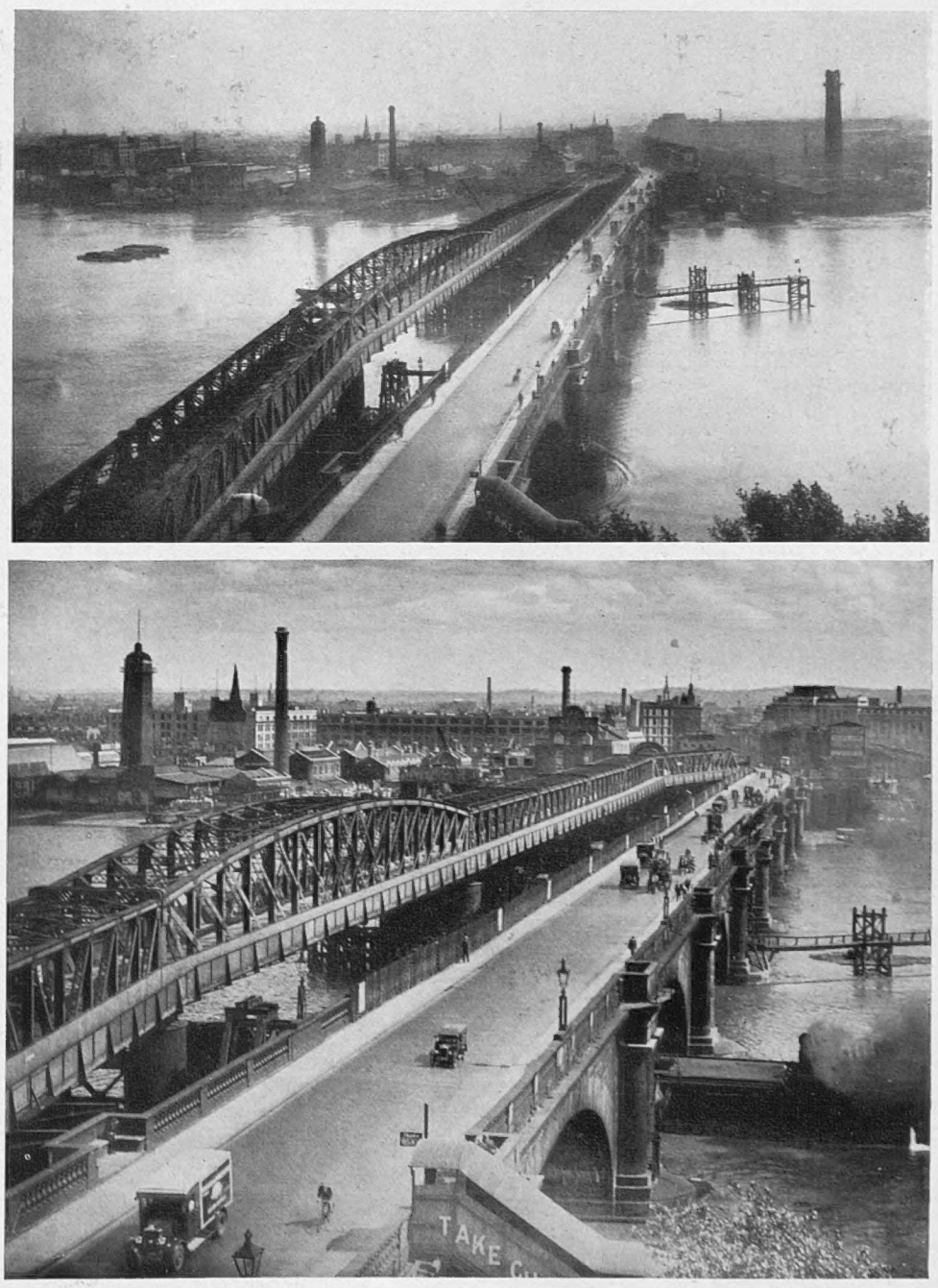
WHERE IS DEMOCRACY?—Another instance has been suggested to me—the question of litter and destruction of natural amenities. It is certainly true that after a decade of propaganda little or no progress has been made to check this degradation of a civilized people. But I do not myself believe that a majority of the nation yet feels that sense of degradation; I think the weight of public opinion is still an inert mass in the opposite scale. That miserable relic of barbarism, the tax on man-servants, loathed by the whole nation, is a stronger example. But I prefer to rely on my single instance—the road horror—where the weight of public opinion is overwhelmingly in the scale of reform and discipline on the roads—and has proved utterly ineffective with the Government. What then are the foundations of faith for those who believe that public opinion can prevent war or enforce disarmament? We have seen it brushed aside, neglected, and scorned at a dozen major conferences in the past few years. We have seen it impotent against the panics and jealousies of governments and bureaucracies and as much at the mercy of cliques and autocracies as ever it was in the days of aristocratic government and minority domination.

CHECKING THE SPEED FIEND.—The re-opening of the question of a reimposed speed limit is a proof that public opinion is deeply stirred by the statistics of road casualties which continue to rise. It is my belief that, partly as a gesture, and partly as an armistice with death, a speed limit should be reintroduced until the time comes when the police are able, and organized, to put adequate patrols on the road, and the magistrates of the country are unanimous in a determination to take a more serious view of road crimes. As a gesture, it might drive into the thick skulls of the road hogs the fact that the Government had at last sat up and taken notice. As an armistice with death, it would at least reduce the rate of mortality; and the rate by which it *was* so reduced would be a valuable criterion of the blood guilt of unrestricted speed. In some parts of England, the authorities have taken action themselves and have found a simple way of imposing a speed limit. There are no better roads to-day than in the Shrewsbury–Kidderminster area. Here the road surveyor has set an "island-roundabout" at every quarter mile interval along his splendid by-pass and new roads—with admirable results and (I may add) not a little good-natured chaff from the local residents!

FILLING FORTUNE'S AND THE FREE STATE'S DRUM: The scene in the Plaza, Dublin, before the draw for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake. The dressing-up of the girl assistants continues as an outstanding feature of the Dublin Sweep

THE PRIMATE.—Oxford University may well congratulate itself on its choice of a new Chancellor. I believe that, as an alternative choice, the Archbishop of Canterbury, if he had felt it possible to put his name forward, would have received very wide support in the University. But occasionally the Chancellor is faced with the necessity for entering on controversial matters, and the Archbishop did not feel justified in entering the lists. Dr. Lang began his reign at Lambeth under a severe handicap. His health almost immediately broke down and for many months he was *hors de combat* at a busy and critical time, and for many more he did his work when he was fit only for a sick bed. Since his recovery, he has increased his high reputation for statesmanship, hard work, and wise judgment, and nowhere more than at the Board of the Joint Committee. Many people criticized his appointment to that committee. But the knowledge of the whole subject of India which he has since displayed, the shrewdness of his cross-examinations, and the time-saving way in which he has gone direct to the root of every issue, have won the unqualified admiration of members and witnesses alike.

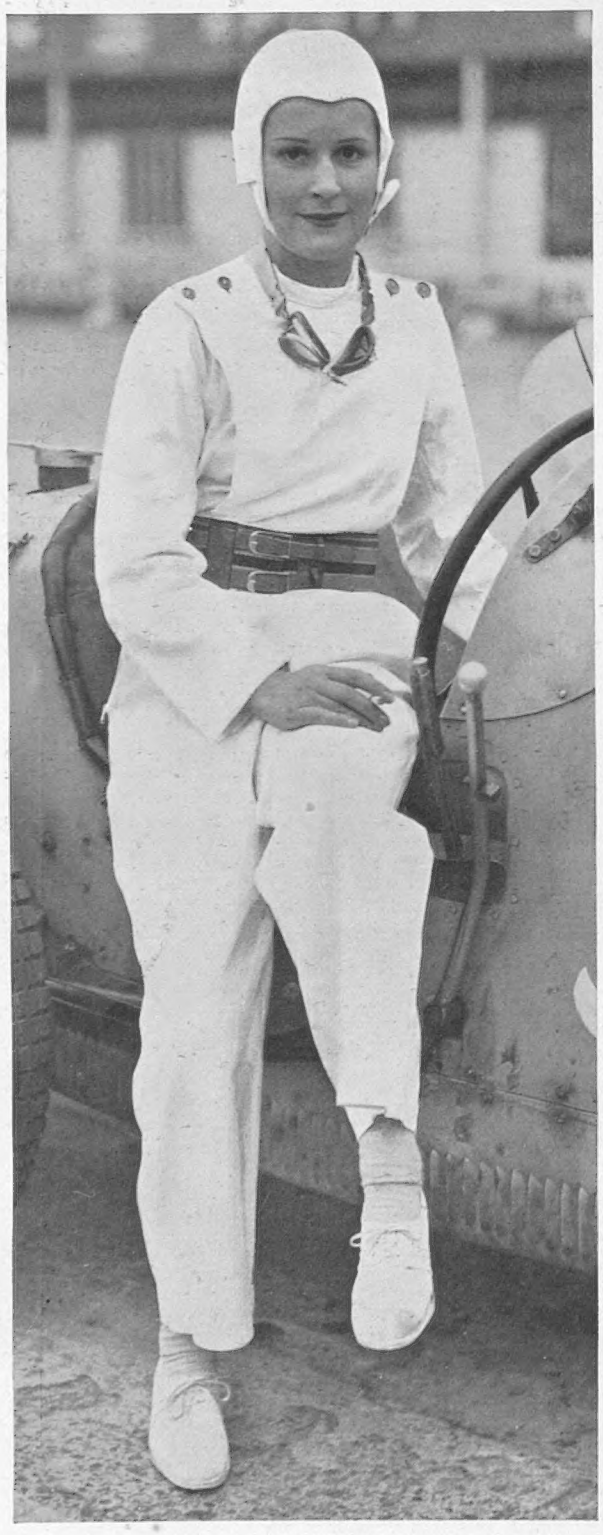
THE OLD STAGER



THE BRIDGE OF CONTENTION: One aspect of the long-drawn-out controversy regarding Waterloo Bridge, which has been urged and reiterated on more than one occasion, is the likelihood of a serious dislocation of North and South London traffic as a result of the reconstruction operations. The above pictures of the bridge, taken recently by different photographers at different hours of the day, clearly show that Rennie's masterpiece is not the vital traffic link that many would have us believe, and, although fulfilling a very necessary function, could at least be spared for a part of the time that the contractors are at work. In both pictures it will be noted that there are less than a dozen vehicles crossing at the same time

AT HOME

IN THE KING'S SERVICE: Lord Lovat, the well-known amateur point-to-point rider, is now resuming his duties as a 2nd Lieutenant of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and is seen in the above picture marching with his men to Buckingham Palace. He is the chief of the Fraser clan and the fifteenth Baron of an ancient Jacobite line



"THE WOMAN IN WHITE": Mrs. K. Petre prior to the start of last Saturday's women's Mountain Handicap at Brooklands in which she finished second to Miss Rita Don

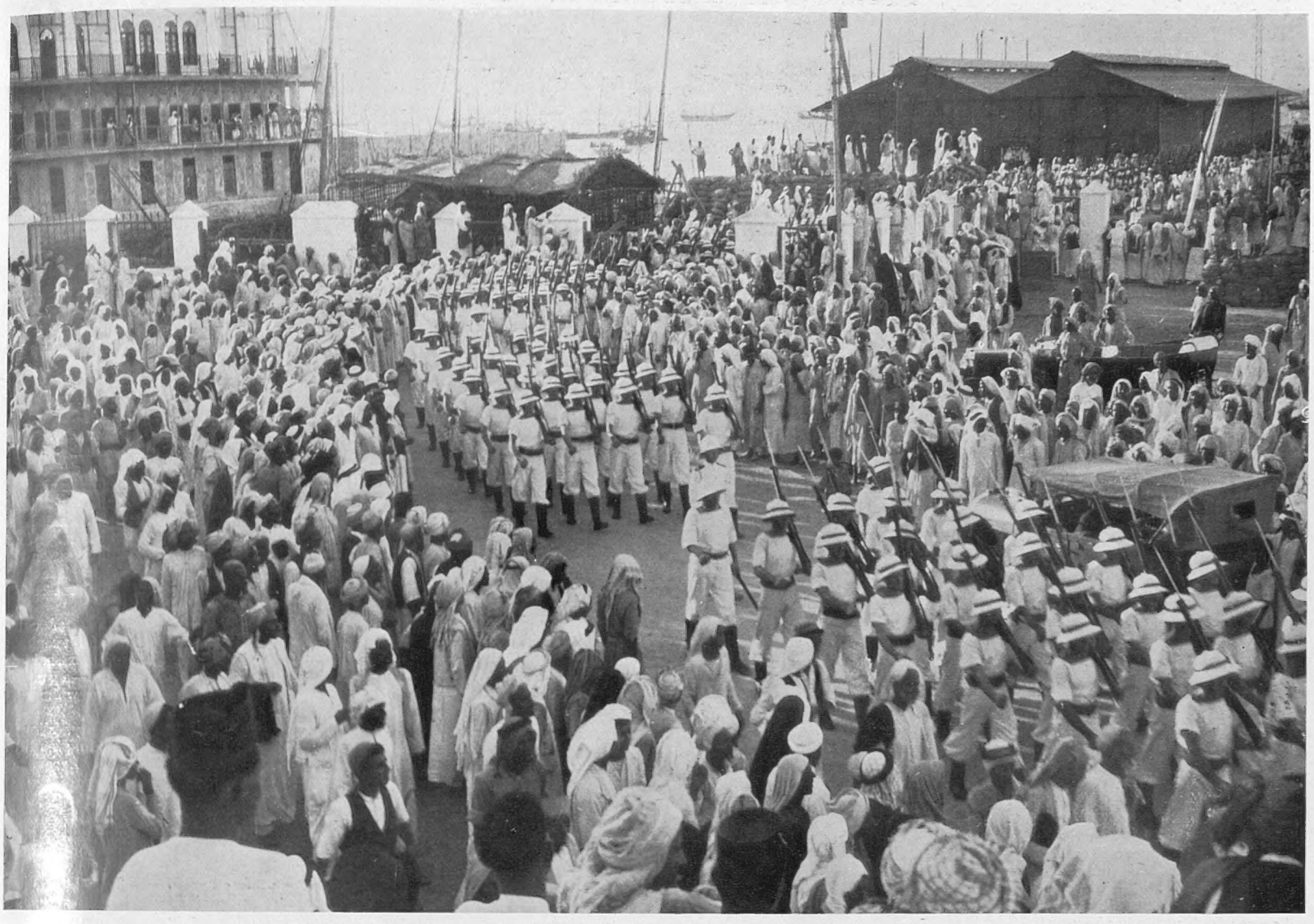
A SUPERIORITY COMPLEX: Miss Pat McLeod arriving with "Fuloo" at the London and Provincial Pekinese Club's show at Holy Trinity Hall, Great Portland Street

FLOWERS FROM A DISTANT LAND: South African wild flowers, which have been transported 6,000 miles from the Cape, being brought into the Horticultural Hall for the exhibition opened this week by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone

AN AUSTRALIAN POET'S CENTENARY: The scene on the steps of Adam Lindsay Gordon's boyhood home at Cheltenham, when a tablet was unveiled in his honour

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE BREAKS OUT IN HERTFORDSHIRE: A policeman posting the customary warning notice on the entrance gate of an affected farm

DIPLOMATIC OCCASIONS in EUROPE and the EAST



SHOWING THE FLAG IN THE PERSIAN GULF: A march past of members of the First Destroyer Flotilla during a recent visit to the British protected island of Bahrein. The salute was taken by the Sheikh, who afterwards entertained the men to a feast in Arab style. Readers of "The Sphere" will doubtless recall an article describing the island which appeared in our issue of September 30

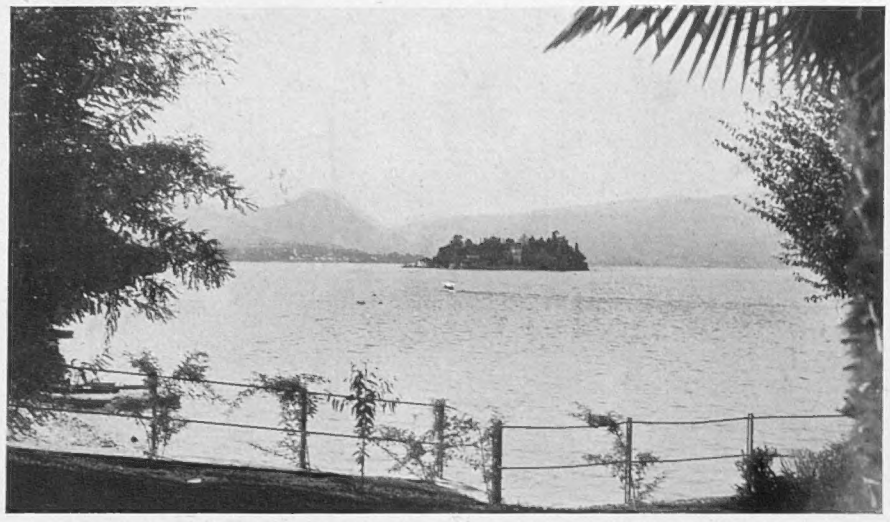
PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: Sir Eric Phipps, the new British Ambassador in Berlin, seen on the steps of the Palace during his initial interview with President Hindenburg. Both President and Ambassador stressed the need for cordial relations and co-operation between their respective countries

THE HERO OF PORT ARTHUR: Count Heihachiro Togo, the veteran Japanese Admiral, waiting to receive Admiral Sir Frederic C. Dreyer, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, China Station, during the latter's recent visit to Japanese waters. Count Togo, who underwent a part of his early training on the *Worcester* and at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, carried out a remarkable piece of naval strategy when he destroyed the Russian Fleet in Port Arthur on February 8 and 9, 1904. He was given the British Order of Merit in 1906, and in 1912 became Admiral of the Japanese Fleet. He is eighty-six years of age

LOCARNO: HOW THE TREATY CAME INTO BEING

Described for "The Sphere" in a Personal Record by EYE WITNESS

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH who represented England at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 and to whose policy Europe very largely owed the forty years of peace which succeeded Napoleon's downfall. It is recorded that he said to Metternich: "We shall be found in our place when actual danger menaces the system of Europe, but this country cannot and will not act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution"



LAKE MAGGIORE: Where the little paddle steamer, *Fleur d'Orange*, made history as she carried the representatives of the great European Powers on an all-day cruise which resulted in their agreement on the Treaty of Locarno

On a sunny autumn afternoon, just over eight years ago, a little paddle steamer named the *Fleur d'Orange* went fussing about Lake Maggiore. It had done the same thing thousands of times before and is probably doing it now, but never has it made so famous a voyage, and never has it taken so long about it.

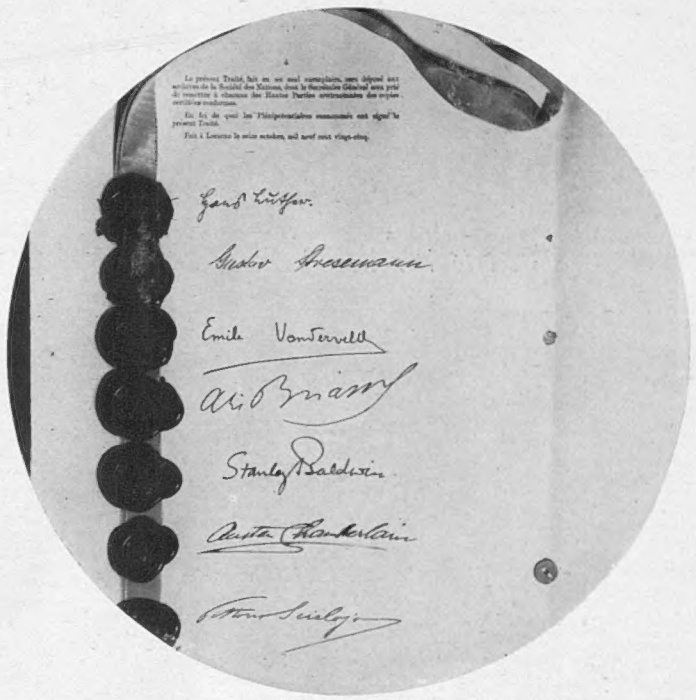
As evening fell the rather ridiculous noise of its beating paddles ceased, and silence brooded over the lake for half-an-hour or more. Then from the shore was heard the tinkling of a bell, the paddle wheels beat into the water again, and in ten minutes the *Fleur d'Orange* had pulled into a little jetty on which stood scores of correspondents from all over the world. On to the jetty stepped Mr. (as he then was) Austen Chamberlain, Stresemann, Luther, Briand, and three or four more European figures.

Chamberlain was smiling. Stresemann, a full-fleshed, high-coloured, genial man who was fighting even then against the dread disease which not long afterwards killed him, was smiling, too—as in those days he usually did. Briand cracked jokes with his questioners. Luther—a pale, small man, drably garbed as befitted his name—walked down the tiny gangway with a look of intense concentration on his face, and with not a word coming from his lips.

The jetty on to which this famous little party (some of them now dead, and the rest of them now seeming like figures in a far-distant past) stepped was the jetty of Locarno, the tiny Swiss town which has made history and which may make more.

And that is just how the Treaty of Locarno was arrived at. For eight or nine days the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia had been sending Locarno wild with the excitement of their presence. In the sunlit mornings Stresemann sat drinking his beer at the open-air café in the one roadway that overlooks the lake. Luther never was with him. Chamberlain never walked the little streets. Nor did Briand. To the meetings which went on day after day neither of them went publicly, but chose the privacy of closed and official cars even supposing the intervening distances were but a couple of hundred yards or so. And it is difficult to go much farther than that in Locarno.

There were hitches, of course, real and pretended ones. Then came the trip of the *Fleur d'Orange*.



THE LOCARNO PACT: The signed Treaty bearing the signatures of Herr Stresemann, Monsieur Briand, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and Sir Austen Chamberlain

It was Austen Chamberlain's birthday. He had invited the other European representatives to celebrate it with him on the lake. And, of course, they talked not birthday but treaty. Ten minutes from shore in the evening they had not reached agreement. That was when Chamberlain told the captain to stop his little engines. And in the half-hour that followed, while the *Fleur d'Orange* lay motionless on the unrippled waters of the lake there was another talk, and the Treaty of Locarno was agreed.

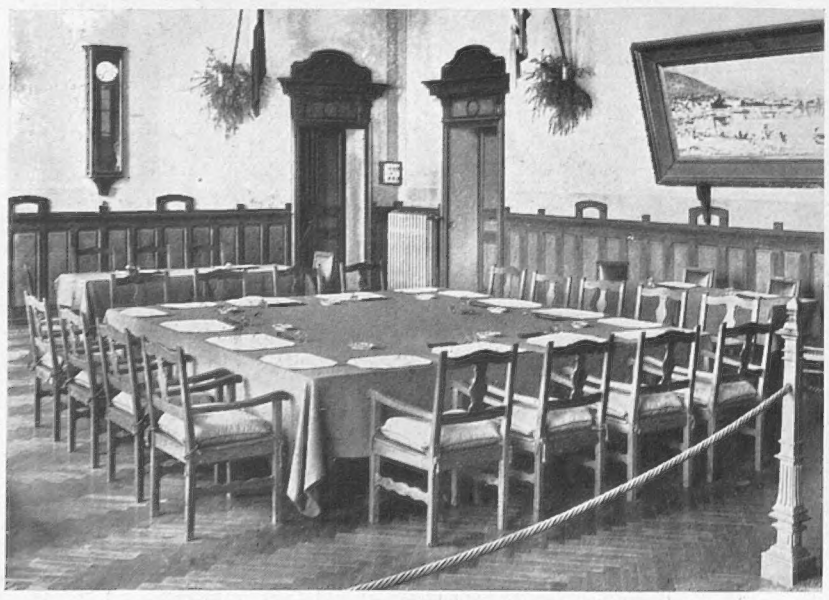
And the later evening saw a flood of cable messages, the overloading of Continental telephone services, dinners, dancing, bouquets, handshaking, congratulations, with Mrs. Chamberlain—a stately, smiling, handsome figure — dressed in white and revelling in her husband's birthday triumph.

That is the how of the Locarno Treaty, followed a year later by Stresemann leading his little group of Germans into the League of Nations. The what of the Locarno Treaty is as follows:

The first article guaranteed the inviolability of the German, French, and Belgian frontiers. The second article contained an undertaking by Germany that she would not make war on either France or Belgium, and a parallel undertaking that France and Belgium would not make war on Germany. Article three provided for conciliation commissions and so on in the case of disputes between France, Germany, and Belgium.

Article four was the one that vitally and directly affected Great Britain. It guaranteed that this country, as one of the contracting parties, would come to the support of Germany if she were attacked by France or by Belgium, or to the support of France or Belgium if either were attacked by Germany. Italy also came into this guarantee, which means that if France attacked Germany or Germany attacked France, there would be a combination against the attackers of Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium, plus, of course, the attacked country. The Council of the League of Nations has to decide that such an attack has been made.

Sir Austen Chamberlain has had eight birthdays since then, but never before or since can he have celebrated one such as that in October, 1925, aboard the *Fleur d'Orange* which, for all the writer knows, is still paddling up and down the lake with humble but equally enthusiastic parties.



WHERE THE FAMOUS PACT WAS SIGNED: The room in the Town Hall, Locarno, which is preserved to-day exactly as it was on October 16, 1925

THE RATIFICATION OF LOCARNO at the Foreign Office in Whitehall. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain can be seen at the head of the table

FROM EUROPE and the NEAR EAST

SWEEPING FRANCE: A case of numbered discs for use in the draw for the great £15,000,000 French State Lottery which has been launched in the cause of unemployment relief. The prize money in each unit of 200,000,000 francs will be divided as follows: one prize of 100,000,000 francs, 15 of 1,000,000 francs, 20 of 500,000 francs, 200 of 100,000 francs, 200 of 50,000 francs, 2,000 of 10,000 francs, and 200,000 of 200 francs

GENERAL GOURAUD, Military Governor of Paris, decorating Captain Marcel Levie, who now becomes the youngest officer of the Napoleonic Order. Although blind and disabled by paralysis, Captain Levie made some 300 war-time speeches in the United States

AN EVENT IN BAVARIA: A view of the vast audience which attended the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Munich Art Building. With so many public events, festivals, and demonstrations, which appear to crowd upon each other with bewildering frequency, many are wondering when young Germany allows itself time to work

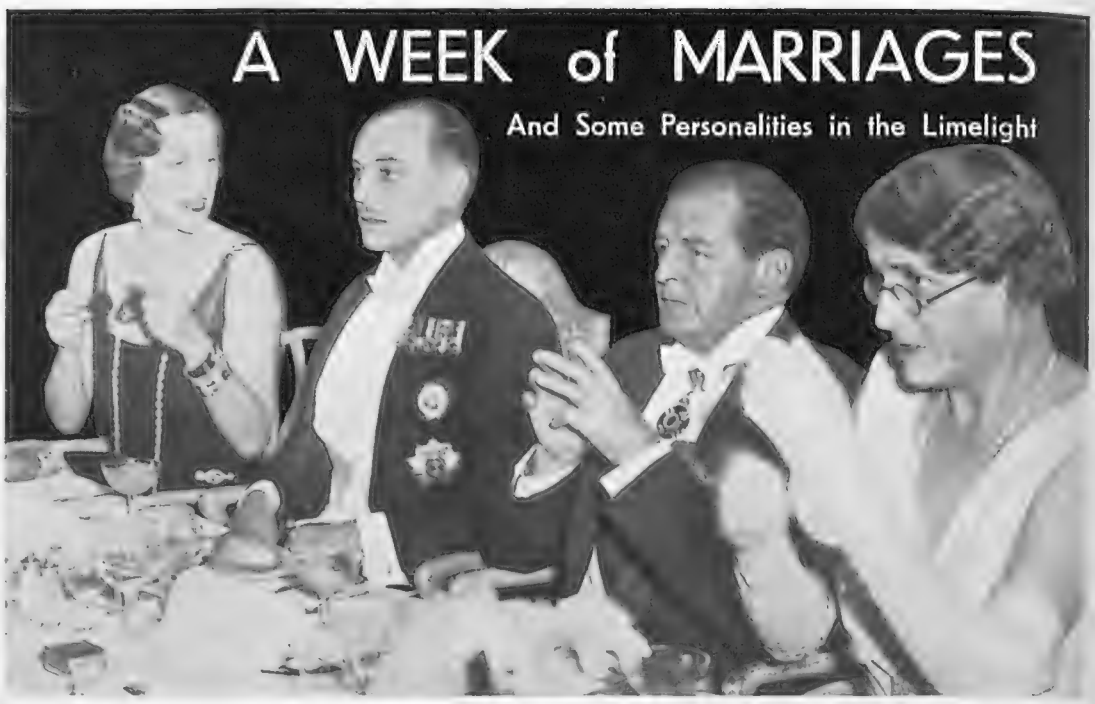
COUNT GHERARDESCA putting his signature to the records on resigning the office of Podesta (Mayor) of Florence. His successor, Count Venerosi Pesciolini, who is seen on the right, has, like other Italian mayors, been appointed by the Duce himself

RACIAL DIFFICULTIES IN THE HOLY LAND: Steel helmeted troops dispersing the Arab procession at the New Gate, Jerusalem, which was about to stage a demonstration in the city as a protest against the Government's policy of allowing an increasing number of Jews to take up residence in Palestine

A WEEK of MARRIAGES

And Some Personalities in the Limelight

MR. E. H. LE BROCQ, of the Indian Police, and Miss Betty Margaret Browne, eldest daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Browne, seen after their wedding at Milland Church, Hants.



A NAVAL OCCASION: Lady Stanley, Lord Lloyd, and Earl Beatty (left to right) at the Nelson Day dinner of the Navy League at the Dorchester Hotel. Lord Beatty, in replying to the toast of the evening, pointed out the necessity for a powerful navy both for exerting our authority in the direction of European affairs, and as a means of guaranteeing the free passage of the sea to our ships

MR. R. CLIFFORD-TURNER and Miss Zoe Vachell leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage last week

THE TANGLED TRAIN: Miss Zoe Vachell receiving a helping hand as she left St. Margaret's after her wedding to Mr. R. Clifford-Turner

A LAW STUDENT HONOURED: Mr. Henry Morrison wearing the decoration conferred upon him by the French Ambassador in London for his book on French law, which he has published to assist other students of the same subject

THE HON. RICHARD ERSKINE, younger son of Lord and Lady Erskine of Spratton Hall, and Miss Patricia Norbury, daughter of Major and Mrs. P. F. Norbury, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon

MR. HAROLD MOSENTHAL, the South African millionaire, and Miss Eileen Idare, a well-known dress designer, seen after their marriage last week at Caxton Hall Register Office. A religious service was held at St. Anne's, Soho

HEIR TO A NEW ZEALAND ESTATE: Mr. William Rhodes-Moorhouse who, by the decision of the Appeal Court at Wellington, has inherited property valued at £250,000. He is a keen aviator

EX-KING ALI OF THE HEDJAZ, who is now on a holiday visit to Paris, bears a remarkable resemblance to his brother, the late King Feisal of Iraq

THE DAME OF SARK

And Her Island Domain near Guernsey

SARK'S CHARTER OF INDEPENDENCE which places the island outside the Parliament

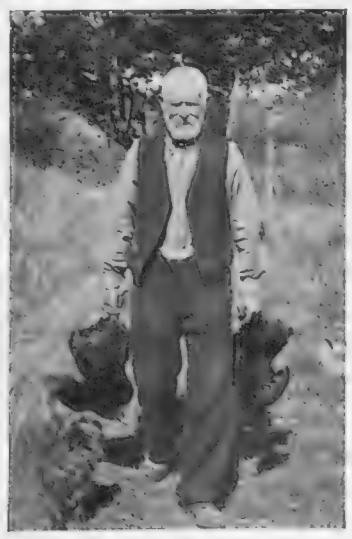
MISTRESS OF ALL SHE SURVEYS: Mrs. Sybil Hathaway, the Dame of Sark, attending to the administrative business of the island in the office of her castle home

THE LITTLE PORT which is connected with the main portion of the island by a tunnel through the rocks. No motor cars are allowed, the Dame of Sark wishes to preserve the ancient character of her domain

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT: A view of Sark Castle from across the gardens. It combines the functions of a palace and an office of State, for it is here that Mrs. Hathaway receives the taxes paid by the tenants and landowners, and administers the ancient laws by which the island is governed

THE PRIVILEGES OF POWER:—The Dame of Sark is the only person on the island allowed to own pigeons, a bitch, or a flour mill. This picture was taken on the castle lawn

THE STATE PRISON which has been empty for over five years



TAXES IN SARK have to be paid in kind as this encourages the cultivation of land by the tenantry. This Islander is carrying live fowls to the castle in payment of his chimney dues

THE WOMEN OF THE ISLAND occupy an unusually privileged position as, according to Sark law, a third of every man's property belongs to his wife and cannot be sold without her consent. The women also have a minimum wage of 20s. a week, which, considering the cost of living, is quite a substantial sum

b

SEARCHLIGHTS GUARDING PARIS FROM A NIGHT ATTACK during the fateful days of 1914 when German troops were advancing deep into France and the capital itself appeared to be in danger. As a result President Poincaré and his Government made a rapid move to Bordeaux

o o

Why Vichy, with its Strategic and Sheltered Position, has been Selected as the War Capital of France if and when there should be any Occasion for a Move from Paris

FRANCE'S NEW WAR CAPITAL

By FERDINAND TUOHY

This article is just the English revelation of what has for some time past been a Paris sécret de polichinelle, and it doesn't mean that war is just round the corner or anything of that kind or hue.

We all know what to expect in capital cities should the handle some day fly off the works and the Western Powers find themselves again at war one with the other. No matter what is signed at Geneva or elsewhere, men will be human — or inhuman — and airmen will bomb these chief nerve centres. (In this respect, Mr. Beverley Nichols beat Fleet Street to it in discovering and visiting the one store in all Britain that is at the present time catering for civilian protective gadgets.)

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the more attainable capitals would witness a species of non-stop visitation from the clouds whenever weather conditions were at all favourable. The machines would be available in right number. And we have been officially told on repeated occasions that there is no adequate defence against air attack once the hostile craft have penetrated this or that country.

All this known and, apparently, accepted.

As we draw on to critical years — 1940, 1936, perhaps even earlier — the Continental nations offering highest vulnerability are beginning to concentrate on ground measures of protection, affecting civilians. Mussolini was in the van several years ago when he laid out a second and illuminated fake Milan round and about that vital city, which would so surely be condemned to incessant air attack. For miles and miles around lights will be dimmed as in the city itself, thus making it more difficult for pilots to seek out precise targets.

In Germany to-day, the whole nation is being copiously instructed in personal protective measures—albeit a good deal of this is in the nature of propaganda ballyhoo on the part of the Nazis.

France, guided in the matter by the still active Marshal Pétain, has sought to kindle similar popular awakening, although so far without much success. The Government itself, however, is taking its precautions, and a principal one concerns the seat of government—where shall it be?—in the almost certain event of Paris having to submit to raids of the non-stop variety. Critical war-time government cannot be carried on in such shrill and high-tension atmosphere—of alarms and fire-engines and hysteria and probable disturbing demonstrations, while there is also the prospect of sundered communications with the rest of the country. We know that the air war will go straight for the enemy's nerve centres, seek to paralyse him, and not least by trying to isolate the conducting hub from as many supporting parts of the country as possible. In division ; weakness.

In August, 1914, the French Government was taken completely unawares, and hurriedly had to decamp to Bordeaux, whence the nation was ruled for the ensuing two months. I happened to witness that political and functionary exodus from Paris—September 2—and it wasn't a pretty spectacle ; ministers and deputies and officials and rich hangers-on arguing with the red-trousered sentries at the barriers round Paris. Clemenceau, whose attitude was, "all the more reason to stay !" poured scorn in his *L'Homme Enchaîné* next day, and on none more than on President Poincaré who had led the exit to the South.

The 1914 choice of Bordeaux was made for two reasons. The Gironde city had been the capital while Gambetta and Faidherbe and Chanzy were trying to rehabilitate the situation, in 1871, with the Army of the Loire, and it was in Bordeaux that the Third Republic was voted. Secondly, it was at all hazards necessary to maintain communication with the main ally, England, by sea.

THE GERMANS WERE AT SENLIS, just outside Paris, and were only prevented from reaching the capital by the arrival of relief troops in taxicabs. From a drawing by F. Matania, September, 1914

But the removal eventuated because Poincaré thought the Marne was going to be lost ; there was no question of aircraft in it. A solitary *Taube* was all Parisians ever saw in those days. And, in the event, the change-over to a great bustling port almost as war-ennervé as Paris, lacking proper accommodation and hopelessly distant from Joffre's Grand Quartier, worked out far from satisfactorily. The hundreds of senators and deputies were, in particular, a dreadful nuisance ; excited and babbling, and complaining of their accommodation and inability to "proceed to work."

All this has latterly been remembered by the extremely able and cautious Daladier —to my mind, the best thing France has had in Premiers since the War — that's why they'll probably throw him out on some trumpery domestic issue—Vive la démocratie — and the result of much cogitation has been the emphatic rejection of Bordeaux and, in the tragic circumstance of any "next time" condemning Paris, the selection, as France's war capital, of—Vichy.

There are several reasons for the choice.

Vichy is almost in the centre of France, more or less equidistant from Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg. It is only 100 odd miles from Lyons, which would be the main "town behind the lines" in any campaign against Italy. An excellent road—that No. 7 so well known to British drivers on their way to and from the sun —connects the two places.

By air, Vichy would be less than an hour-and-a-quarter from Paris. By train and by road, five and four hours respectively.

The whole surrounding country can be virtually blacked out, it being so sparsely populated. And the same air squadrons that would protect Le Creusot, less than fifty miles away, would also mount guard over Vichy.

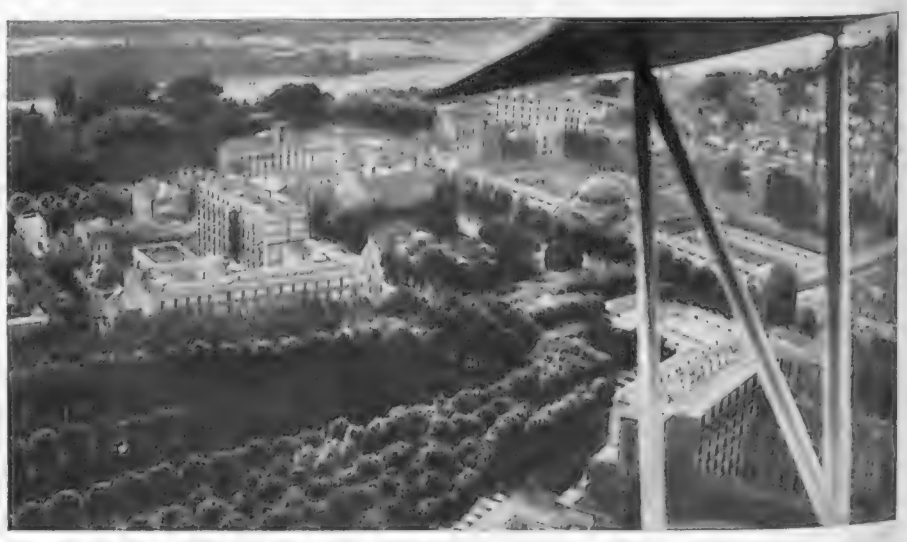
In the important matter of accommodation the famous spa boasts of nearly 150 greater or lesser hotels—some of them of vast boom-time growth. In the out-size Casino, the other day the rendezvous of the Radical-Socialist Congress, would be the Senate and the Chamber.

Exceptional telephonic and telegraphic facilities already exist and these could be rapidly extended, plus wireless.

And Vichy is peaceful and healthy — the latter alone a point of consequence with so many sluggish political livers.

And it could be isolated, barred to outsiders, with the greatest of ease. No doubt if one wanted to take the cure there one would have to get a pass !

It so happens that I was in Vichy a fortnight ago and it had not then had wind of its destiny and good (?) fortune. On reflection, it does about represent the ideal of a war-time executive centre in the air age. Quiet, spacious, central, and serene, and lying alone and well wooded by the Allier. And also bright and of an air : one instinctively thinks of breeding in relation to Vichy. Well chosen.



THE NEW WAR CAPITAL OF FRANCE WILL BE AT VICHY, in almost the exact centre of the country. It has magnificent hotel accommodation and a good aerodrome and, in addition to its strategic advantages, is one of the finest resorts in France

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

AN UNUSUAL MISHAP: While an Air France liner was taking off from Baghdad Aerodrome during a recent journey from Saigon to Paris, the starboard engine fell to the ground from a height of 30 ft. The pilot immediately made a forced landing and fortunately saved both his passengers and his mechanic from injury. An examination of the wreckage revealed that the trouble was due to the breaking of a propeller blade, the resulting vibrations finally tearing the engine from its position. The picture on the right shows the engine and its broken propeller

STREET RIOTS IN PENNSYLVANIA: Deputy sheriffs in conflict with armed strikers at Ambridge, near Philadelphia, where serious riots recently followed an industrial dispute. The outbreak was only checked when tear-gas bombs were brought into action

CALIFORNIAN GRAPE PICKERS IN CONFLICT: The crowd which gathered in the main street of Lodi, centre of the grape industry, after 150 deputy sheriffs had driven strike agitators out of the city. Their dismissal followed a noisy meeting in the park which had taken place on the previous evening

RUMANIA'S ARMY ON THE MARCH: A picture taken during the military manœuvres attended by King Carol

ADMIRAL SIR FREDERIC C. DREYER, Commander-in-Chief, China Station, seen with Admiral Osumi, the Japanese Naval Minister, during a recent visit to Tokyo

A NORMAN OCCASION: Peasant girls in their national costumes quaffing cider during the Fêtes du Ventre in Rouen

VIOLETTE NOZIÈRES, the 19-year-old French girl who is accused of parricide, in conference with her counsel

AIMEE IN ACTION: Mrs. Semple McPherson Hutton praying with the congregation at the Chinatown Mission, New York, during a tour in search of converts

1933's RECORD

Scenes in the Vineyard

EXAMINING THE CROP: Before leaving the vineyard the grapes are carefully scrutinized for signs of under or over ripeness. It is this woman's duty to see that no unsuitable grapes are sent to the presses. This year the crop in the champagne country is considered to be the best since 1914

AT THE REQUEST OF MUSSOLINI grape festivals are being record harvest. These young women in their picturesque nat a parade through the s

A VISTA OF PROSPERITY: Harvesting the grapes in a large vin scene of some of the most des

HARVESTING IN ALSACE: Grape barrels being filled from a carrier strapped to the back of a vineyard worker at Ribeauville. This part of France is noted for the quality of its white wines

EPERNAY (CHAMPAGNE

The year 1933 will be famous in the history of Champagne.

Accompanied by the Mayor of Epernay, Monsieur Dep and by a member of Moët and Chandon, a firm which has m champagne for almost 200 years, I have paid a visit to beautiful vineyards on the Marne, where the famous grapes are being gathered.

"This will be our best year since the War," the Mayor told "and you can safely say that the 1933 wine will beat even famous brand which bears a memorable date—1914—the year of German invasion. The weather has been all in our favour, dry mild, and we are gathering the grapes under ideal conditions, than usual and quicker than usual, as the fruit is so good that it hard needs sorting."

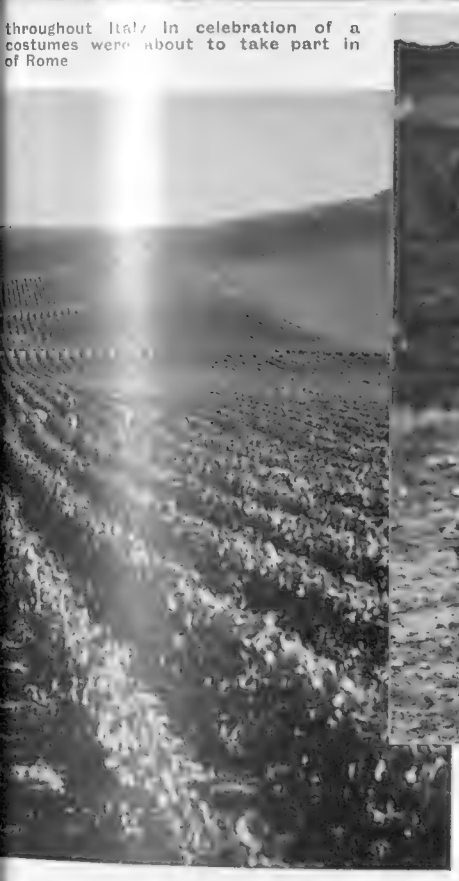
It is surprising how quickly the War seems to have been forgo in this once very centre of the greatest battle of modern times, how quickly Nature has restored the devastated ground to its natural

"Here," one of my guides told me, "I saw two German disguised as peasants, shot after a summary trial. They used to their flock in such a way as to signal the position of our guns to

GRAPE HARVEST

of Alsace and Champagne

throughout Italy in celebration of a
costumes were about to take part in
of Rome



near Epernay. This part of the country was the
fighting in the War

German artillery. Down there, by the road, a German shell killed twenty of our best men, young boys just fresh from their training. This village of Mousy which we are crossing now was in German hands for a week; five men were shot by them in that corner. Here at Verzenay, where we are stopping for lunch, not one vineyard was left after the German invasion; the whole ground was so upset by trench mortars, bombs, and land mines that it looked as if a colossal earthquake had shaken the ground and uprooted trees and fences."

Yet to-day nothing but memory is left of all this. The birds sing with an untiring chorus their songs of love and peace; the peasants—many of whom are temporary "hands" picked from the neighbouring towns—bend with untiring effort to their work, cutting the grapes, gathering them in the baskets, and dispatching them to the presses.

MADAME BRUNET, now the oldest grape gatherer at Verzenay, near Reims, lost both her sons during the battle of the Marne. In spite of her years, she is still one of the most efficient workers in the vineyards

"It is all a question of speed," explained my guide; "grapes must be dealt with as soon as they are picked; a delay of even a few hours would be fatal to the quality of the wine."

Men, women, and children work very hard in the fields from sunrise to sunset, but they get well paid and well fed and are remarkably contented. They come in batches and each member of the family gets paid alike. It is a kind of "work-cum-holiday" which is both enjoyable and profitable. Peasants round here have passed through very lean times, but they are always optimistic. Hardly any of them have left the fields, and, as a matter of fact, the number of small groundholders gets larger every year. Big firms, realizing that a smallholder can work his ground better and more economically, are always willing to sell part of their property and to agree to buy the annual yield. This year the peasants of the champagne country are happy. Of course they are far from those mad times when grapes were sold almost at any price, but they know to-day that they will at least be able to find a profitable market.

M. P. Helder

A WORKING HOLIDAY: Grape pickers in Champagne returning with their last loads after a day in the vineyards. Many of these young men and women come from the neighbouring towns and spend their annual holiday in the profitable and healthy occupation of harvesting the crop

WHERE SKIRTS WOULD IMPEDE EFFICIENCY: Girl pickers who find trousers and sleeveless jerseys the most practical attire in which to work in the vineyards

THE BEARDED PARD

A close-up of a champion Kerry blue terrier—a breed that has recently come into fashion

A DIGNIFIED TRIO

Valuable elkhounds from a Berkshire kennel

THE FINSK SPETS: A Norwegian dog with a queer name and the features of a red fox. At the present moment there are only about thirty or forty of them in England. Their popularity is said to be increasing rapidly

BREEDING NEW

And some Facts about an Impor ing British

By CHARLES

MARIKA OF BABERBAGH: The intelligent and almost human head of a champion Afghan hound

At a conservative professional estimate about £20,000,000 is sunk in this country in the industry of dogs—and I am not taking into account either foxhounds or greyhounds. Mr. Charles Cruft has a mail order list of no fewer than 30,000 people who have exhibited show dogs. Their kennels may house anything from twenty to 400 show dogs. One exhibitor who is also a famous figure on the commercial side of the motor car world told him not long ago that his kennels cost him £15,000 a year. Among other expenses he has twenty keepers all the year round. There is a woman who spends £6,000 to £8,000 on her kennels. She, like the motor car magnate, does it as a hobby. I say nothing of the professional dog breeders who make a livelihood out of it.

Throughout my investigations into the dog industry, which involved a visit to the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace last week, I have been struck by the high figures which stud the studs. I had already heard of an American friend of mine who lives in Boston, and who recently bought four English terriers at £1,000 apiece. America, one must admit, is our best market. But one should emphasize the point early on that the dog industry is one of the very few in this country the exports of which are out of all proportion higher than the imports.

One expert, whose name is a household word among dog breeders, summed up the situation very nicely. "It is just like the Stock Exchange," he said. "It is a gamble to all except the handful of experts. Just as the shares of a company go up and down, so do the prices for puppies and stud fees of various breeds of dogs. A dog, like a share, is only worth what you can get for it. Sometimes the market gets saturated, and the people who came in at the tail end of the boom, and paid high prices for champions with a view to breeding from them suddenly find that there is no one to whom they can sell. Too many people have got into that particular stock, and the bottom has fallen out of the market. That explains, of course, why there are so many recognized breeds of dogs compared with forty years ago. The clever people sell out at the top, and then go in for some new or almost unknown variety of which the supply is small and of which the puppies command a high price; if, that is, the breed 'takes on.'"

The expert thereupon showed me a list of the eighty-eight breeds classified at Cruft's last show. "Mind you," he said, "I could name you another hundred varieties, like the German boxer dog, the lion dog, and the Belgian sheep dog, which do not figure on this list. But even taking these, only a third of them were known in England in the 'nineties."

We went through the list alphabetically. Afghans, of course, are new. Basset hounds and beagles have almost died out. Only two or three kennels of them exist. Bloodhounds are old, but there are not many of them about. Borzois were introduced into this country by the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia. He gave one or two to the London Zoo and then some shrewd breeders grew interested, went over to Russia, imported a few of them—and look at them now. Long-haired and wire-haired dachshunds are very new. Deerhounds are old, but elkhounds are new. Passing over foxhounds, greyhounds, harriers, and Irish wolfhounds, we come to otter hounds. Nobody takes a technical breeding interest in them nowadays. The average otter hound is half a bloodhound and half any old mongrel. That is the difference between the show dog and the working dog. All that matters in a working dog is that he should work. Nobody cares about his points. That was true of almost every dog seventy years ago. Before the first show held at Newcastle in 1859 (an event which led indirectly to the formation of the Kennel Club), any dog belonging to Tom or Dick was as good as Harry's with the exception of the few distinct breeds bred exclusively on ducal estates.

Here one should point out that it is mostly due to the Kennel Club that the industry has been so largely cleared of fraud, and the art and commerce of dog breeding has been made so clean and socially reputable, so that the highest in the land can engage in it without qualms. The fact remains that otter hounds are becoming rapidly debased because nobody is interested sufficiently in them as show dogs to exhibit them in shows. To finish with hound dogs, we have Salukis, who have been introduced since the beginning of this century, and whippets. Next come gun dogs, headed by English setters, Gordon setters, Irish setters, crossbred setters, pointers, curly-coated retrievers, flat-coated retrievers, and golden retrievers, all of whom are old stagers. The Labrador, however, is another pair of shoes, or perhaps I should say paws. It was in 1906 that the Labradors first appeared to challenge the popular flat-coat. To-day the stud fees of some champion Labradors are as much as 50 guineas a time. Think of what you and I might have made if we had got in on the ground floor! To-day they are the biggest breed of gun dog in existence.

In 1906 the golden retriever was ignored, and cockers hardly outnumbered Sussex spaniels. The English springer was unknown. Clumbers, field spaniels, and Irish water spaniels were in existence, of course. But the latter breed, to revive which strong efforts are being made at the moment, is never likely to catch on.

A BOSTON TERRIER: This popular American dog is now officially recognized

TYPES OF DOG

and Figures tant and Grow= Industry

GRAVES

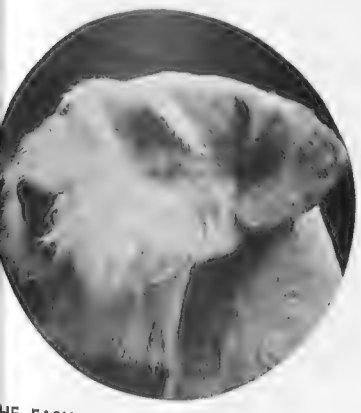
AN OLD CONTINENTAL BREED: The schnauzer, which is now gaining increasing favour in England

It is too much trouble to keep them in coat. That goes equally for Bedlingtons, another old but troublesome breed. Welsh and English springers never figured in the nineties'; and as for Australian terriers (for we have come to the terrier class), it will be only at the next Cruft's Show that they will be recognized as a class at all. I have skipped Airedales as they are so ancient and honourable a breed, and I have already spoken of Bedlingtons. Border terriers are new, and then comes a string of old reliables like bull terriers, Cairns, Dandie Dinmonts, smooth-haired and wired-haired fox terriers, and Irish terriers.

We are then brought up on a round turn with Kerry blue terriers and Lakeland terriers. The former have only recently come into fashion. The latter actually go back two or three hundred years, but they were known only to Lord Lonsdale's forbears and their neighbours until a very short time ago. After Manchester terriers came Sealyhams, who were unknown outside Pembrokeshire until 1911, Skye terriers (who are old stagers), Welsh terriers, and West Highland whites. Miss Henrietta Bingham, the daughter of the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was showing them at the Crystal Palace last week. Not a bad tip for any enterprising breeder with American connections.

The realm of non-sporting breeds is headed by Alsatians, who are now called by the Germans "German sheep-dogs," as they will not use any word that reminds them of Alsace-Lorraine and the late War. They, of course, are distinctly new to this country. But at the moment it looks as though their market is getting rapidly saturated. After our old friend the bulldog comes that recent breed, the bull mastiff. Chows are also old friends. Yet one of them was sold the other day for £2,000. Their peculiar mentality and intriguing independence have made them increasingly popular, and this year there has been quite a spurt in their numbers at the Kennel Club. Collies, both rough and smooth, are next on the list. Once upon a time they were very popular. Now they have gone completely out of fashion. Dalmatians, of which there are only two in the whole of Dalmatia, are one of the oldest breeds in this country. The "plum pudding dog" figures in the coat of arms of Lord Shrewsbury. Indeed, if you look at any picture which contains a dog dating back to medieval times, you will notice nearly always it is a kind of Dalmatian. French bulldogs have been known for a long time. The great dane has changed his nationality. He used to be known as the German boarhound. A recent addition to the list is the keeshond—a Dutch dog the standards of which have recently been drastically altered by the Dutch canine clubs, with the result that the English breeders are in a state of hopeless confusion.

Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, old English sheep-dogs, poodles, and St. Bernards have been with us for a long time. The St. Bernard is an instance of a breed which has lost its popularity with astonishing speed. Forty years ago you would have as many as 300 entries at a dog show, and the St. Bernard Club could practically dictate to the Kennel Club. How often do you see them now? Samoyedes have only appeared on the scene in the last thirty years. That is also true of schnauzers. Schipperkes, however, date back to the 'eighties. Shetland sheepdogs are old friends, and in contrast Welsh corgis are very recent indeed. They are small dogs which prove more clearly than almost any other breed that all dogs date back to the original wild dog. This species, if allowed to do so, would probably revert more quickly to its original type than any other.



THE FASHIONABLE SEALYHAM: Before 1911 this type was to be found only in Pembrokeshire

We are now left with the toy dogs—the black and tans, the griffons, formerly known as monkey dogs, the Italian greyhounds, the Japanese spaniels, King Charles spaniels, the Maltese, the papillons, the Pekinese, the Pomeranians, the pugs (which have almost completely died out), and the Yorkshire terriers. All of these have been known to us for over forty years, but the Pekes, together with the cockers and the Cairns, have earned more quick money for their enterprising breeders than any other kind of dog.

I have given this long and extensive list to emphasize my point of similarity between the Stock Exchange and the dog-breeding industry. Fashions in dogs are as fickle as those regulating women's dresses, and you can make or lose money with equal speed if you choose the wrong breed. Having acquired all this information, it naturally interested me to find out how it would be possible for anybody with a certain amount of capital and a knowledge of dogs to double or treble one's money. Could you, for example, invent an Aber-Cairn, thus crossing two delightful kinds of terrier and producing a no doubt intelligent hybrid? The answer is both yes and no.

If you went along to the Kennel Club and said that you had produced a new kind of dog which you wished to have classified as a new breed, and admitted to them that in fact it was half Aberdeen and half Cairn, you would be ruled out of court. For though it is quite a conundrum as to where a cross breed ends and a new species begins, you are not allowed to cross already well-known breeds in this way and claim the progeny to be a new type. What you could do, however, would be to go to, let us say, Timbuctoo, taking your Aberdeen and your Cairn with you,

(Cont. on p. 170)

A good-looking trio of West Highland whites. Their introduction brought fortunes to a number of enterprising breeders

WHITE BEAUTIES

A member of an interesting but exceedingly shaggy breed

THE HAIRY APSO

A POPULAR VARIATION: Two wire-haired dachshunds seen at the first show ever devoted exclusively to this breed. The Kennel Club now recognizes three distinct types—the wire-haired, the smooth-haired, and the long-haired

IN BAGHDAD TO-DAY

The Dirt of the East Once Again Reasserts Itself

There are few more potent examples of what a semi-Westernized Oriental country becomes when left to itself than those to be found in Iraq to-day.

Here is a country peopled originally by the true Arab. The scene, supposedly, of the Flood; the sight of the Garden of Eden, whose capital was the renowned city of the Caliphs. A land of desert wastes, across whose desolate face through the years have wandered itinerant tribes of Bedouins—camel caravans of merchandise, wending their way to Babylon, Kish, Ur, or Kufa—pilgrims journeying to sacred Karbala, and roving bands of thieves; yet the colour and romance of whose past history—and ancient civilizations—have made it a song on the lips of poets.

The scene at the entrance to a big mosque near Baghdad

James Elroy Flecker caught the true spirit of this country in his *Hassan*, or yet again in *The Four Gates of Damascus* with such words as:

"Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,
And copper tables blotched with pearl and little beaten brassware pots."

Or in that song of the merchants at the gate of the sun in olden times.

"Away, for we are ready to a man;
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad—
Lead on, oh master of the caravan,
Lead on the merchant Princes of Baghdad.
Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales . . ."

And now? What do we find to-day in this city to which, since the War, overland and air routes have brought England within ten days' easy travelling?

Held up there much against my will owing to the untraversable state of the desert west to Damascus, I had ample opportunity of seeing this capital at its worst. The *best* conditions, surely, under which to study any place in its *true* colours! And our first (and last) impression was Dirt—and yet more Dirt.

Gone was the atmosphere of "rose-candy and spikenard, mastic and terebinth and oil and spice"—or *almost* gone. And in its place what did we find? Yet another Port Said. Peopled by what seemed a preponderance of narrow-eyed, long-nosed Levantine Jews. Both they, and their clothes, a hybrid example of Eastern and Western frustration, and as remote from their desert Arab forbears as a Whitechapel slum-dweller might be from a Viking!

Such was our impression then. Dirt, narrow eyes, long noses, surmounted by a strange and unbecoming headgear (the national uniform, one was told!) More dirt, insanitation, and disease and, above all, inefficiency in anything not still connected with and supervised by the British.

Traces still existed, naturally, of Western organization and attempts at cleanliness; but the East had reclaimed its own again all too well. Mud and filth lay everywhere. Bedouin encampments, breeding grounds of tuberculosis and every other disease, lay, in swampy ground, 10 ft. and more *below* the level of the *main* road. Bright with the lights of electric standards shining in the rain-drenched surface Western arterial roadways, side by side with the medieval squalor of the uncaring East.

Even into the main thoroughfares of the city (once well organized and clean as Bombay) is creeping somehow the aspect of a "bazaar"—colourless because of its Western association, yet with all of dirt, carelessly disregarded refuse, and inefficiency that this can mean.

Echoes of European influence still exist, and I was much amused by two notices announcing, amidst a host of Arabic inscriptions above each truly Oriental doorway, alternately:

"Gents Hairdressin'"
and
"Dental Mechanic."

And this in the City of the Caliphs!

For the rest one need hardly recount that of the transport convoys crossing the 500 miles of desert from Baghdad to French Damascus only the British Nairn Transport could be relied upon.

Outside a modern bank building in Baghdad, a city on which the East is regaining its grip

The Iraqi lines appear hopelessly unreliable, owing, I can only assume after many embittering years of the East, to an inherent Oriental objection to the replacement of worn-out parts, thread-bare tyres, attention to springs, or, indeed, any true appreciation of the lengths to which Western mechanism may be pushed before such a thing as a limit is reached!

I, personally, crossed to Damascus at a time when the desert was a weltering sea of mud. A trackless morass for the most part, and quite impassable for the huge eight-wheeled desert cars which form the usual means of transport.

In company with a Greek waiter bound for Rutba Wells (the mid-desert post) and two Czechoslovakians, I spent one of the worst thirty hours of my life, wide-eyed and frozen, as in a varied and wide experience, I had never been frozen before.

(Continued on p. 170)

THE HAIFA GATEWAY

The New Harbour which Offers an Alternative Route to India

The statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, a quarter of a mile out to sea on the long breakwater that protects the northern entrance to the Suez Canal, gazes with calm and thoughtful eyes upon the new road that he made to the East. When in 1869 the wonderful waterway that he had planned and dug was opened, few ever thought of a road to India overland, save as an exhausting journey of several weeks' duration by camel caravan in the age-old manner of Abraham's journey from Ur-of-the-Chaldees to Canaan, or of the merchants of silk and carpets, pearls and spices from the East, who traded through Tadmor, the city of Zenobia, or Petra, the "rose red city, half as old as time." That journey would have involved not only crossing the North Syrian Desert, but traversing the great plain of the Two Rivers—probably floating slowly down the Tigris on a raft of inflated skins—and then travelling down the Persian Gulf. Occasionally, in the days of the Eastern Telegraph Company, despatches of the Government of India were carried across the desert from one of the stations in Persia; but commercially and in general, the route to India via a Syrian or Palestinian port ceased to exist with the supplanting of the "ship of the desert" by the steamship via the Suez Canal.

The new harbour at Haifa seen from the slopes of Mount Carmel

The Great War it was that brought us back to the ancient caravan routes—curiously enough, by reason of the most modern of all forms of transport. Communication with Baghdad by air was a military necessity; and to guide the aeroplanes in a desolate region devoid of landmarks, a furrow was ploughed by tractor from Amman in Transjordania to Ramadi on the Euphrates. The ploughing of that furrow must have been an interesting pioneering feat. Not long after the armistice a regular weekly postal service to Iraq was worked by the Royal Air Force.

In 1922, from the balcony of our house on the northern slopes of Carmel I looked down on the sleepy little town of Haifa, some 900 ft. below. There was then no harbour, but an open roadstead in a great bay skirted by some nine miles of glorious golden sands, beyond which shone the little white town of Acre and the snows of Hermon and the Lebanon. Eastwards, the distant mountains of Moab reared high above the Jordan Valley. Beyond them lay the desert and Iraq, a country to which we were probably to go. What a pity, it seemed, that to get there we should have to travel by sea to distant Bombay, there to tranship to sail up the Persian Gulf, a journey of more than 5,000 miles, while overland across the desert Baghdad lay only 600 miles away. Later, I learned that two ex-officers of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in Palestine were also pondering the same problem in more practical fashion. After the armistice they had decided to stay in a Land of Promise to run motor transport to supply the deficiencies from the commercial point of view of a railway system built chiefly to fulfil military necessities.

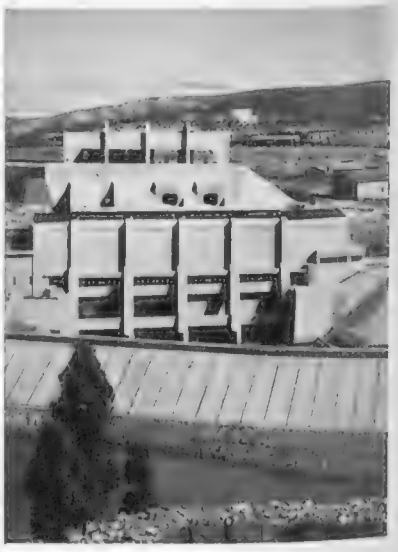
They began by carrying the mails from the rail-head direct to Beirut along the coast road, instead of their going by narrow-gauge railway all round by Damascus with a short transhipment across the Sea of Tiberias. The use of the coast road had been made possible by the smoothing down of the rocky Ladder of Tyre to allow of the passage of British heavy artillery. Soon they conceived the idea of carrying passengers and mail by motor convoy to Baghdad also; and in September, 1923, I was able to reach Baghdad in four days from Port Said.

To crossing the desert by aeroplane and car, a transdesert railway and the transference of oil to the coast by pipe-line were obvious subsequent steps. Indeed, from the successful establishment of the desert mail service, the air of that part of the Near and Middle East buzzed with rumours. In the clubs and at the dinner parties of European residents on both sides of the desert, all sorts of "inspired" reports were solemnly discussed; in the Arab coffee houses, the merits and relative chances of the Syrian port, Beirut, hitherto the better harbour, versus the Palestinian port Haifa were earnestly canvassed over hubble-bubble pipes and noisily sipped, syrupy coffee. How many surveys were made, or said to have been made, for the transdesert railway to Baghdad, it would be impossible to say! Even the names of officials "actually at work" upon the survey were freely mentioned. Indeed, the optimism about the coming of a transdesert railway to Baghdad was nearly as great as that of the Germans before the War, who fixed in letters of brass the magic word "BAGHDAD" on the railway engines that still stood at Adana on the Turkish side of the Taurus Mountains in 1928.

There was, of course, intense rivalry between Beirut in French mandated territory and Haifa in British mandated Palestine. Which port was to be the terminus of the railway, to draw the transit trade of Iraq and Persia beyond? Rumour and counter-rumour went on for a good ten years; and presumably in the archives of the government offices of Beirut and Jerusalem, of London and of Paris, those rumours take the more substantial form of pyramids of files!

A happy compromise has ultimately led to the projected single oil pipe-line resolving itself into a Y-shaped affair. A double line from the source of the oil to a

(Continued on p. 168)



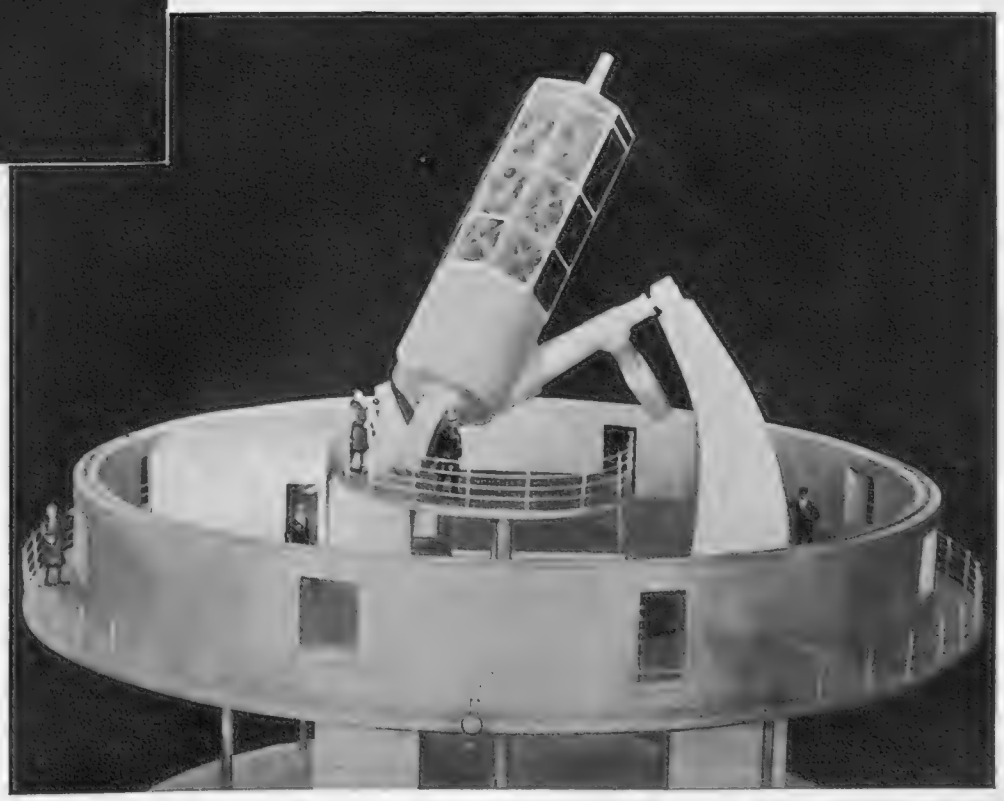
The Rutenberg Hydro-electric Works are situated at Tel O'r (the village of light), below the Sea of Tiberias

MODERNITY

In the Architecture and Processes of Industry

TOWERING ABOVE OHIO'S UNIVERSITY CITY: The fifty-storey American Union Insurance building overlooking the Scioto River, Columbus. A remarkable feature of this skyscraper is its chimney, which is placed at the summit of the main tower. It is seen pouring out a great stream of smoke high above the city's roof-tops

A FLASH OF FLAME—A HISS—AND COLD STEEL MELTS LIKE RUNNING WATER: With the aid of the electric arc, metal is fused to metal quickly and economically. In a few short years arc welding has become one of the most vital and labour-saving processes in industry



Right—THE SECOND LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD: A model of the eighty-inch telescope now under construction by Messrs. Warner and Swasey of Cleveland, Ohio, for the University of Texas. The structure, which is built largely of concrete, will be erected on a suitable mountain site in Texas

PILGRIMAGE IN THE ABRUZZI — From an original drawing by Harry Morley

A STRANGE FESTIVAL IN THE ABRUZZI

A Survival of the Adonis Myth

Many centuries have rolled by since Christianity became the dominating faith of the Western world, but the Church, particularly in the Latin countries, has not always succeeded in banishing from Christian ritual traces of traditional forms of pagan worship.

A notable instance of this may be seen at a little shrine, now a Christian sanctuary and chapel, high up in the Abruzzi ranges of Italy. Once every year this secluded spot becomes the Mecca of a great pilgrimage, and tens of thousands of devout peasant folk from miles around toil up the slopes to take part in ceremonies which, though essentially Christian, abound in ritual dating from many hundreds of years before the birth of our Lord. Much of the service is based on the symbolism of the Adonis Myth which is thought to have originally emanated from the Far East. Adonis himself was the god of the solar year, and presumably the one being upon whom the productivity of the soil depended. It was thus that the peasant community, whose livelihood has always lain in the wealth they could eke from the land, first coupled the myth with the newer Christian religion. This strange admixture of faiths is reflected in the first part of the Abruzzi ceremonies and, although the Church may not condone it, there is no doubt that it plays a real and vital part in the lives of the people.

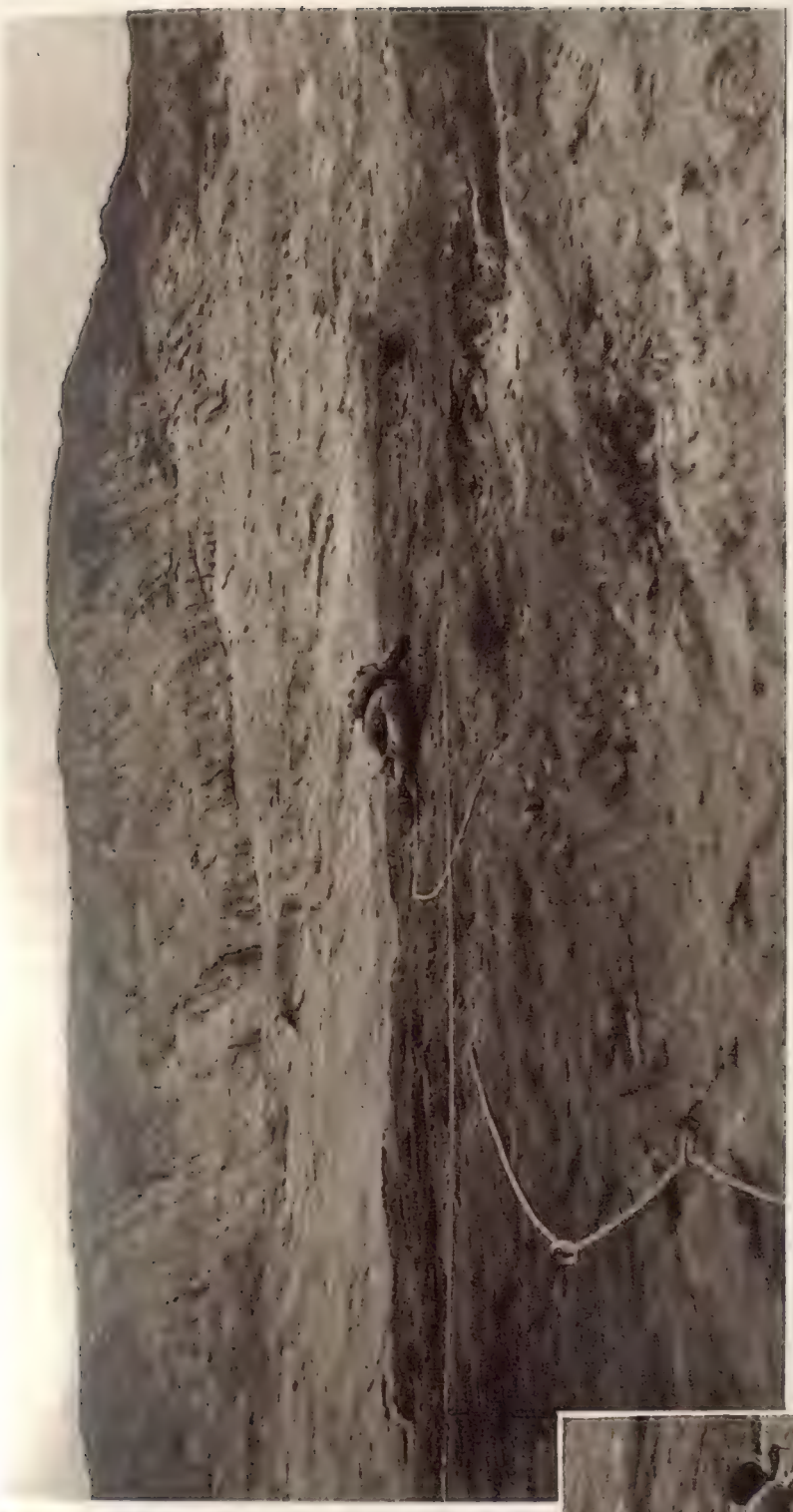
IN A LAND OF RELIGIOUS SUPERSTITION: A peasant of Central Italy in her picturesque national costume

The first ceremony begins at half-past six in the morning before the sun has veered round towards the sanctuary and its rugged, encircling cliffs. At that hour twenty young women, walking in procession and clad in white with chaplets of ivy round their heads, climb the rocky ledge towards the amphitheatre. As they move they sing a strange, almost uncanny air known as "The Lament of the Maidens." Of its pagan origin there is clearly little doubt. In the midst of the procession a litter, surmounted by a sculptured effigy of the dead Christ, is borne slowly up the hill, while behind it, and clothed in mourning, walks a peasant woman representing the Virgin Mary.

The progress of the maidens, who are awaited by a vast congregation, is so timed that they reach the sanctuary as the sun first breaks over the mountain and sheds its rays on the figure of Christ as it disappears within the cave. At this moment a great cry of praise goes up from the assembled multitudes and reverberates through the still gorges of the mountains. The whole ceremony is most impressive, and, to those uncultured peasant folk who witness it, has a meaning and a purpose which really make of their religion a living force.

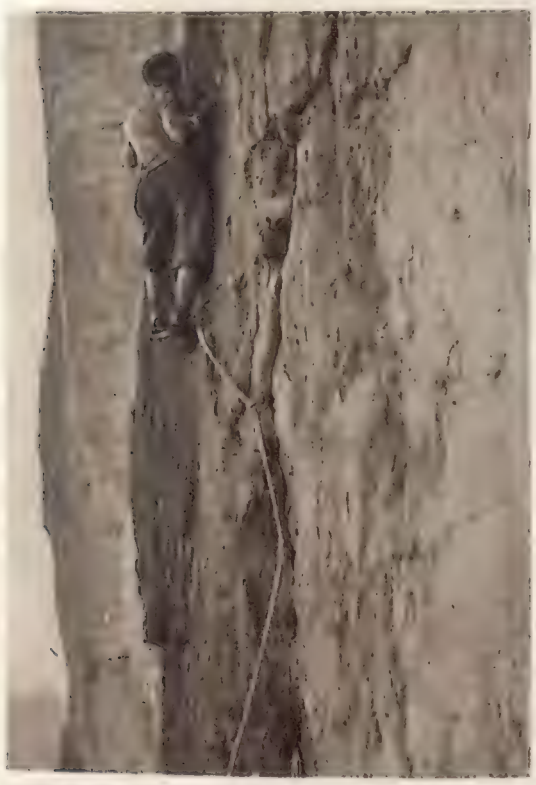
CLIMBING WITH NAILS

First Pictures of a Hazardous Four-Day Ascent in the Dolomites



WHERE ONE MISTAKE MEANS DISASTER: One of the three Italian guides who scaled the Drei Zinnen preparing the way up the North Face

SCALING A PRECIPITOUS ROCK: The climber's life depends entirely upon the security of a few 6-in. nails which he hammers into the rock face above him as he completes each stage of his perilous ascent



WITH NO ADEQUATE FOOTHOLD ON THE ROCK FACE, the climber hammers in the next nail with his feet supported by the rope

HAMMERING A NAIL INTO THE ROCK while standing in a vertical position

The accompanying pictures illustrate a remarkable four-day climb which has recently been made up the North Face of the highest rock of the Drei Zinnen in the Dolomites. The three guides who accomplished this hazardous feat, hitherto considered impossible, were the Vimai brothers of Cortina and Comice of Trieste. Their success was largely due to the employment of nails and a double safety rope—a modern technique which has been found highly suitable for scaling overhanging surfaces. Four and six-inch nails were driven into the rock at varying intervals, and the rope passed through the ringed heads. Up this hazardous ropeway, which in some places provided the only foothold, the men gradually proceeded to the top. They spent one night on a ledge in the rocks, but during the early stages of their climb returned to the base each evening

WHERE THE ASCENT TOOK PLACE: The famous Drei Zinnen, the centre peak of which was scaled recently via the overhanging North Face (in shadow)

THE SEASON OF

Special Studies of Autumn

BEFORE THE FALL OF THE LEAVES

A sturdy giant casts its shadow over a sunlit clearing in Savernake Forest

CIDER MAKING IN THE WEST COUNTRY

An old horse-driven mill at work near Bishop's Cleeve, Gloucestershire. Apples have been particularly plentiful this year, and there is hardly a farm in this neighbourhood which is not making its own cider

THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP COME DOWN TO THE V
district of Yorkshire, where the sheep are now bei

THE WHEELWRIGHT: In spite of agricultural mechani
ancient handicraft, his traditional skill, and the stoutness
a product that will make light of the stony lanes of
comes from Bredenbury, Herefo

FRUITFULNESS
in Rural England

VALLEYS: Driving a flock in the Swaledale
ing gathered in readiness for the sales

A blacksmith at work in his smithy in the little Herefordshire village of Bredenbury

SEASONAL REPAIRS

lization he has been plying his
s of his craftsmanship, ensuring
the countryside. This picture
ordshire

A fine harvest of heather honey gathered for a West Cumberland valley bee-keeper. The two "skeps" contain 37 lb. and 19¾ lb. of the pure product, which in this case had the rich golden-brown hue of old sherry. This picture shows how cleverly the bees arrange the combs when doing all the work for themselves, and unaided by specially made hives. The yield this year has been particularly good, weeks of steady sunshine providing the bees with ideal conditions for their labour

THE BOUNTY OF THE BEES

FASHION and FEMININITY

A Morrel model which strikes an original note in the tucking of the bodice and the sleeves

THE ARUM LILY BOW

PORTSMOUTH IN PARIS

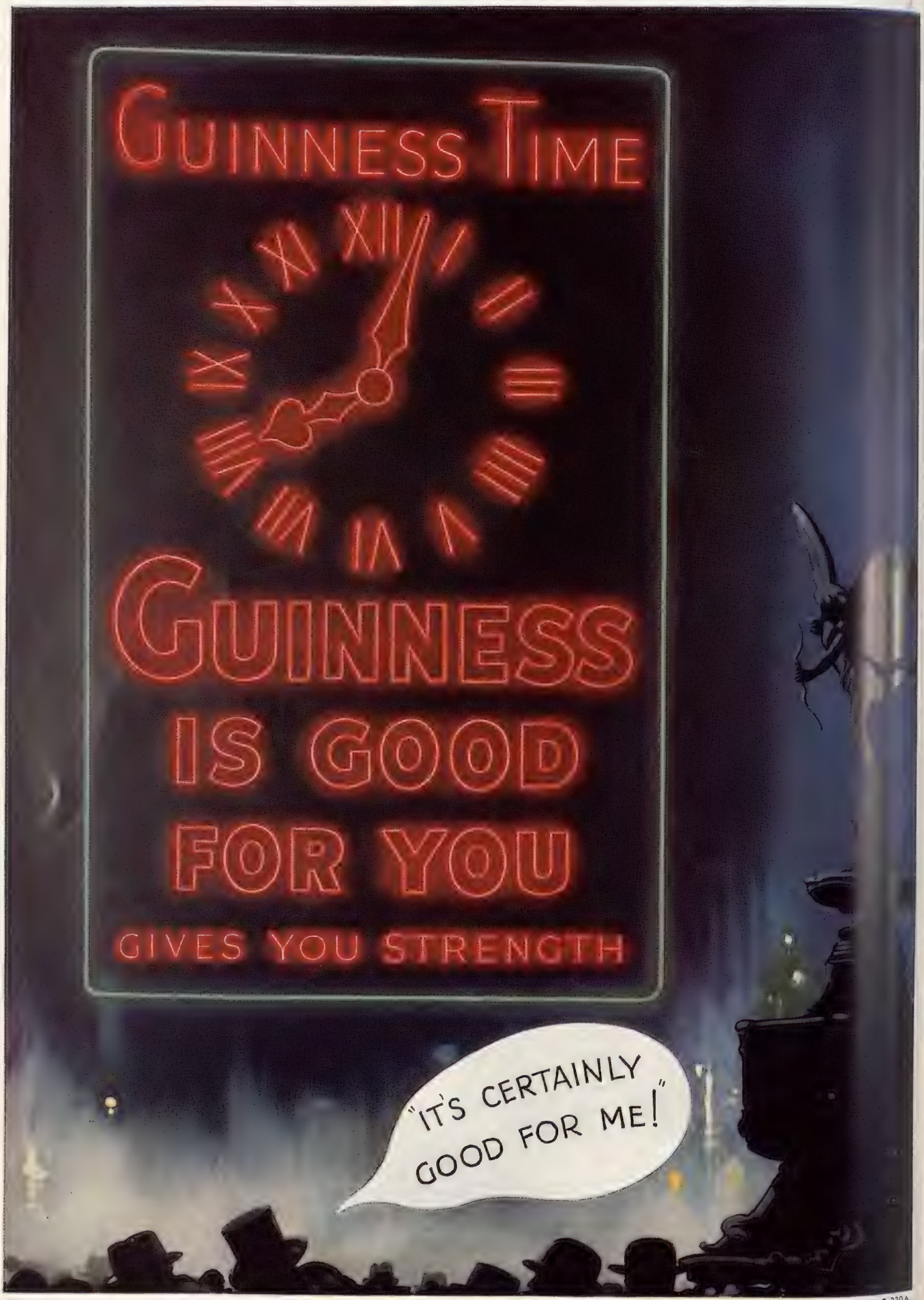
Miss May Batchelor of Portsmouth, who is first mannequin to Maggy Rouff, displaying a charming evening frock in printed silk organdie

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT: A new and charming portrait of the only daughter of Countess Poulett. She is twenty-one

MADAME CHANTAL QUENNEVILLE, who is now holding an exhibition of paintings in oil, tempera, caseine, and wax at the Valenza Gallery, Conduit Street. This accomplished artist is noted for her experiments with unusual media which are designed to give her work a richer and more enduring colouring

DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
THE HALL MARK

OVERHEARD IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS



LONDON NEWS from the CITY and WEST END

A CIVIC OCCASION: Sir Percy Greenaway, the Lord Mayor, presiding in the Great Hall of the City of London School during the annual distribution of prizes. He will shortly be succeeded in office by Alderman Sir Charles Collett

A SAFETY DEVICE IN DECORATIVE GUISE: The electrically-operated grille which rises from the floor of the main entrance when the Westminster Bank, Lothbury, closes for the day

THE P.M.G. EXPLAINS: Danish telephone experts from Copenhagen visited the London General Post Office last week, where they inspected some of the latest instruments for telegraphic and telephonic communication. Left to right (sitting)—Mr. M. M. Siebsayer, Mr. C. R. Michelsen, the Rt. Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. C. Irming, and Mr. P. V. Christensen; (standing)—Lieut.-Colonel Lee and Sir Edward Campbell, M.P.

BANDITS BEWARE: One of the new alarm lights which will warn City of London police that a robbery has taken place. It is hoped by this method to create a blockade before smash-and-grab raiders have time to escape

FENCING AT FANUM HOUSE: Women members of the Automobile Association's staff have just begun their winter physical training classes, which they hold on the roof of their headquarters in Coventry Street. Sir Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the A.A., was Amateur Foils Champion in 1923

BRITAIN'S NEW MILK-MARKETING SCHEME

And Some Notes on Modern Mechanical Dairying Methods

Our grandmothers would probably be astonished at the modern methods of dealing with milk and the process of milking. Not only is every precaution taken by the Ministry of Health to ensure pure germ-free milk to the general public, but newer and more labour-saving methods are being constantly evolved by the dairy farmers themselves. It is true that in some parts of the country, still, an anxious mother may think it wiser to continue to feed her baby on some patent food because she is suspicious of the cleanliness of the neighbouring milk supply. But, on the other hand, "Certified milk," the purest, cleanest milk it is possible to produce, is supplied by some farms in sealed bottles which can even be relied upon for feeding an infant on the longest voyage to the ends of the earth. On the side of a Cumberland fell, the dairies and sheds built in true Cumberland fashion of grey stones loosely and roughly put together, is Storms Dairy Farm, near Keswick, one of the most up-to-date in the country for the supply of Certified milk. This farm is fitted with electricity, for lighting as well as for running the electrical milking and other apparatus, cleaning and sterilizing plant installed there.

The cows, which are of course continually tested to show that they are free from tuberculosis, are prepared for milking by careful washing morning and evening, their udders being kept clipped. Milkers in spotless caps and overalls then attach the caps of the milking machine to the cows' udders, and the milk flows straight into the closed milking pails, thus obviating exposure to the air. The pails are then carried to the dairy where the milk is at once passed over the brine cooler, which reduces its temperature from 90 deg. F. to 45 deg. F. This is done to prevent the growth of bacteria. The cooler is then closed within iron doors after use and thoroughly sterilized with live steam. After being cooled, the milk is at once bottled and sealed with a cap, on which is printed the date of production. The bottles are then packed in crates and despatched as speedily as possible to their destination by road or rail. In dairies where a strict record is kept, or a specially fine herd is being built up, each cow has her own milk bucket with her own name on it, and her yield of milk is weighed and placed to her credit. When artificial feeding is resorted to, each cow may also have her name on her own food bucket, which would contain the exact ration in proportion to her milk yield.

Another method of milking which is based on the principle of labour-saving, and which has been found suitable for some parts of the country, is that of the portable electrical milking house. This is a small house on wheels with the milking apparatus inside. It is capable of holding a small number of cows at one time, and is moved from field to field. The cows in this case are kept out in the fields all the year. A description of this method is to be found in Mr. Street's *Farmers' Glory*. It is employed on a large scale near Salisbury. It is of course only possible to adopt this plan in flat and level country, which is also fairly dry, and is quite unsuitable in hilly or mountainous country. It is very popular in some of the great dairy-farming parts of the Dominions.

As a contrast to these up-to-date means of extracting milk, there is still to be seen in some parts the old-fashioned milkmaid in the meadow, quietly moving from one cow to another with her bucket and stool, perhaps placating some particularly restive beast by a box of food cake. A scene such as this calls to mind Kipling's delightful picture of Una being taught to milk by good

THROUGH MILKING AT THE WALKER GORDON PLANT IN NEW JERSEY: As soon as the operation is complete, a door immediately in front of the cow is automatically released to allow of her passing through to her own quarters

Mrs. Vincey in *Martlake Witches*. Others of us besides Una have suffered and had our ears boxed because we did not tie down the tail of our Kitty Shorthorn. One of the very newest devices is to substitute waterproof sealed paper bags for the carriage of milk in place of the glass bottles with sealed caps. These bags are very inexpensive. They are of course used only once, and have been found to be more economical and practical than bottles, which have to be returned and are liable to be broken.

The result of the ballot on the new Milk Marketing Scheme must have come as a pleasant surprise to its promoters, a vote of 96 per cent. having been given in its favour. This shows that the British farmer is now awake to the fact that co-operation and central control are essential to success in a world of over-production. Only by such means can fair distribution be achieved. Anyone with experience in marketing knows how heartbreaking it is to have produce so plentiful as to be unsaleable in one part of the country. We have heard on many sides of good milk being poured down the drain, there being no demand for it even to fatten stock. This surplus can and should be made available by proper marketing methods, where there is some means of utilizing it, either to supply a shortage in some other part of the country, or for the manufacture of hard cheeses or soft varieties such as Bondon, Pont l'Évêque, Gervaise, and so forth, which are so popular abroad.

The making of butter in this country is not at the moment a commercial proposition, since it cannot be made to pay at anything like a price comparable to Empire or foreign butter. Be that as it may, it is perhaps not too much to hope that with the acceptance of this new Milk Marketing Scheme a new era of prosperity may be dawning for the British dairy farmer and for agriculture generally, since one branch must be affected favourably or the reverse by another. At present, of the total amount of milk consumed in this country, two gallons out of every three come from abroad. A much larger proportion could be produced at home. The value of the milk sold under the new scheme for the year should be between £50,000,000 and £60,000,000. Dairy farmers have now the opportunity of increasing the home supply at a reasonable profit and benefiting the community at large. At the Dairy Show at Islington last week, animals from the finest breeding stock in the world were being exhibited. Their breeders as well as the farmers will take heart and be encouraged by the knowledge that a market will now be found for the produce of their labours, and that they can be assured of an adequate reward.

The origin of the Milk Marketing Board is the same as that of other similar Boards recently formed. That is to say, it arose from the conviction that all supplies should flow through one channel. The main idea is a central control of distribution, so as to ensure adjustment of supply to demand, and a levelling up of prices in those districts where hitherto excess of supply has proved ruinous to farmers. The dairy farmer is asked to make a return of his available supply to the Central Board.

This Board in turn gives him a contract for his milk at a certain rate, as Mr. Punch's cartoon last week humorously suggested. At present, as before stated, these contracts are to run for only six months, but it is hoped very soon to give contracts for a year ahead.

OPERATORS AND THEIR AUTOMATIC MILKING MACHINES AT STORMS FARM, KESWICK: This dairy is noted for its Certified and Grade A (T.T.) milks, which up to the present are exempt from the new marketing scheme

It is not yet certain what deductions will have to be made from the price offered to the farmers on account of working expenses and for the milk sold for manufacturing purposes.

But it must be obvious to everyone that without this system of directing the total supplies of milk into one channel little or nothing can be done in the way of meeting foreign competition. It is hoped that agreements may be made with the Dominions in this matter. In the meantime farmers will be well advised to be patient until the scheme is in full working.

Mary Headlam

THE MILK-PARLOUR AT RANDLEIGH FARM, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK STATE, where travellers can enjoy a glass of milk and at the same time witness the scientific methods under which it is produced. The chairs on the right face the milking rooms which are beyond the glass partition

THE ROADSIDE MILK PARLOUR

An American Method of Creating New Sales in a Novel Way

We all know the modern road-house which has taken the place of the ancient coaching inn, where one can obtain drinks, meals, dancing, and frequently a swim. But who has heard of the road-side milk parlour and bar, where the motorist, carman, or pedestrian can quaff a glass of fresh and clean cold milk in quaint and cosy surroundings? Where he can observe through plate-glass windows the patient kine being milked by an electro-magnetic apparatus and the further processes of automatically weighing the output of each cow and of transferring it to the bottling department? Where everything is hygienic, efficient, and highly organized? These conditions are found on an extensive and increasing scale on the highways of the United States, where milk parlours and the milk-drinking habit are now so well established that even the repeal of prohibition does not threaten their existence.

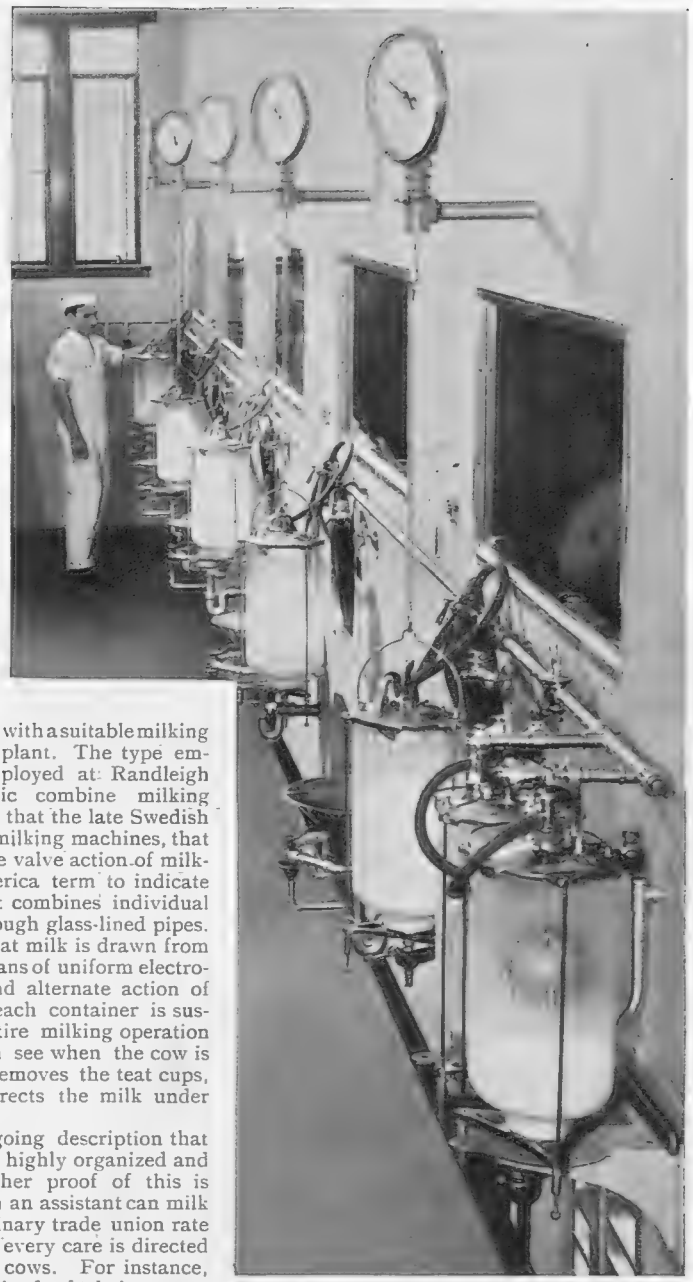
The accompanying illustrations show a milk parlour at Randleigh Farm, Lockport, N.Y., which has been built in the style of an old English tavern. When the visitor enters he finds himself in an attractive room with tiled floor, raftered ceiling, and an amplitude of light. At one end is the bar proper, and at the other an old-fashioned farmhouse fireplace, above which is an almost life-size bas-relief of a Jersey cow. Hardwood tables and chairs are arranged along the outer wall, and vases of flowers complete the rustic scheme. But, apart from this old-world atmosphere, the scientific interest is provided by large plate-glass windows along the opposite wall, where visitors can sit and observe the milking operations.

On the other side of these windows is the compartment of the milking operator, or working floor, which is 4 ft. below the level of the milk parlour. Here are seen, mounted on a partition of white porcelain opposite the milk parlour windows, the glass receivers for the milk coming from the cows. On the farther side of this partition is the cows' parlour, the floor of which is 2 ft. above the level of the operator's floor. There is a safety-glass window in the partition opposite the station of each cow, and a circular opening below the window just on a level with and opposite to the cow's udders. The general procedure of milking is as follows: the cows enter their milking parlour through an enclosed passage way, the front and back gates of their stalls being controlled by the milking operator by means of compressed air. Then the operator places the cups of a milking machine on to the teats of the cows through the circular opening, which he is able to do without stooping owing to the difference in floor level. An electrical apparatus draws the milk from the cow into the glass receiver, whence the operator directs it under pressure into containers, from which it is bottled warm.

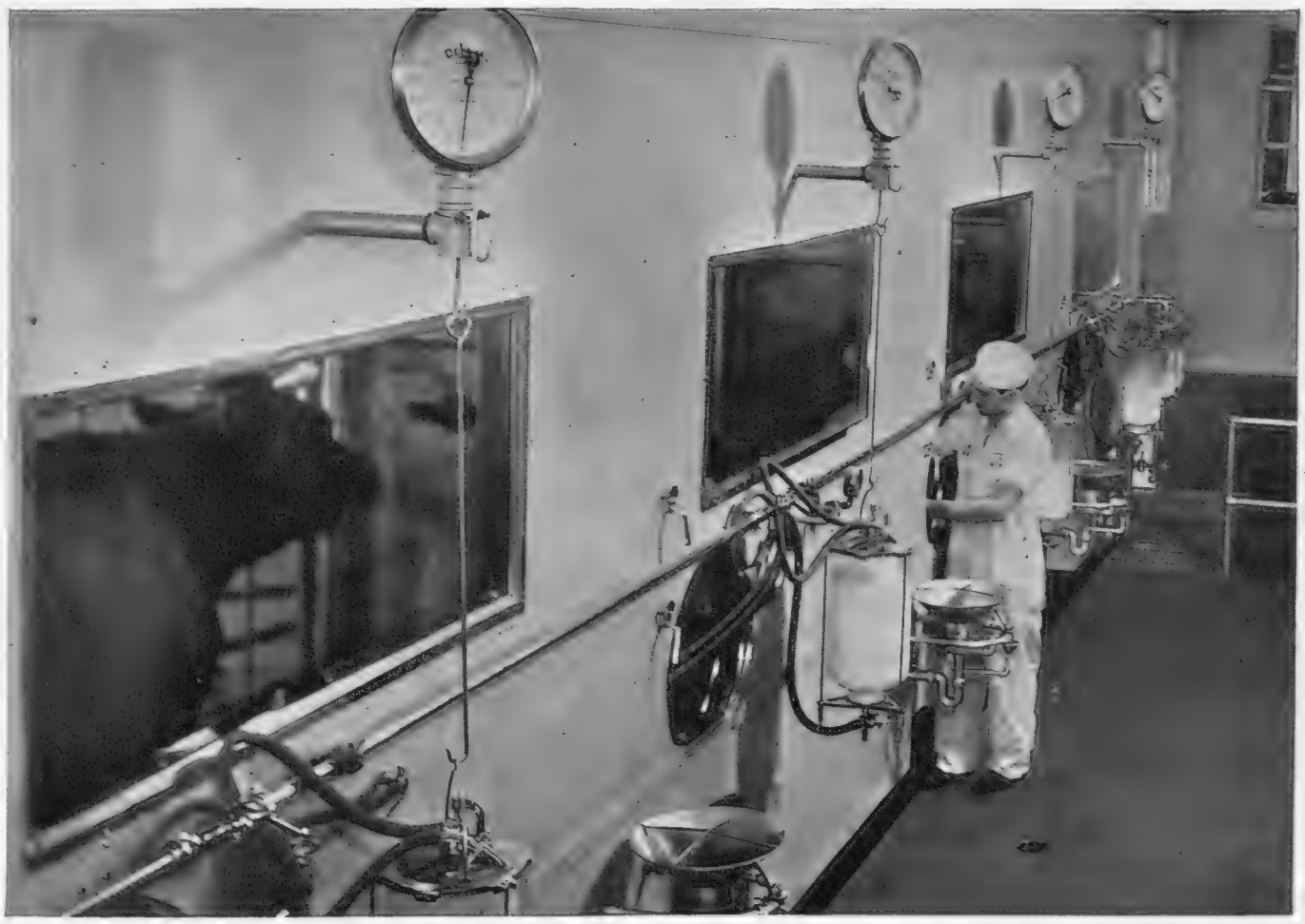
An installation of this kind can only operate successfully with a suitable milking plant. The type employed at Randleigh is the Alpha-Laval electro-magnetic combine milking machine. Here it may be mentioned that the late Swedish engineer de Laval was the pioneer of milking machines, that the electro-magnetic reference is to the valve action of milking, and that "combine" is an America term to indicate that the apparatus not only milks but combines individual weighing and automatic transport through glass-lined pipes. The principle of the apparatus is that milk is drawn from the cow into the glass container by means of uniform electro-magnetically controlled pulsations and alternate action of the teat cups. As will be observed, each container is suspended on a spring balance. The entire milking operation is visible to the operator, and he can see when the cow is completely milked. Thereupon he removes the teat cups, records the weight of milk, and directs the milk under pressure into the bottling-room.

It will be realized from the foregoing description that this kind of milking establishment is a highly organized and efficient self-contained unit, and further proof of this is afforded by the fact that one man with an assistant can milk up to fifty cows per hour. (The ordinary trade union rate here is ten cows per man.) Moreover, every care is directed towards the hygienic conditions of the cows. For instance, during winter, when they are deprived of their proper quantum of sunshine, the cows are treated with ultra-violet rays. It is claimed that this provides them with vitamin D, which they ordinarily get from the sun's rays.

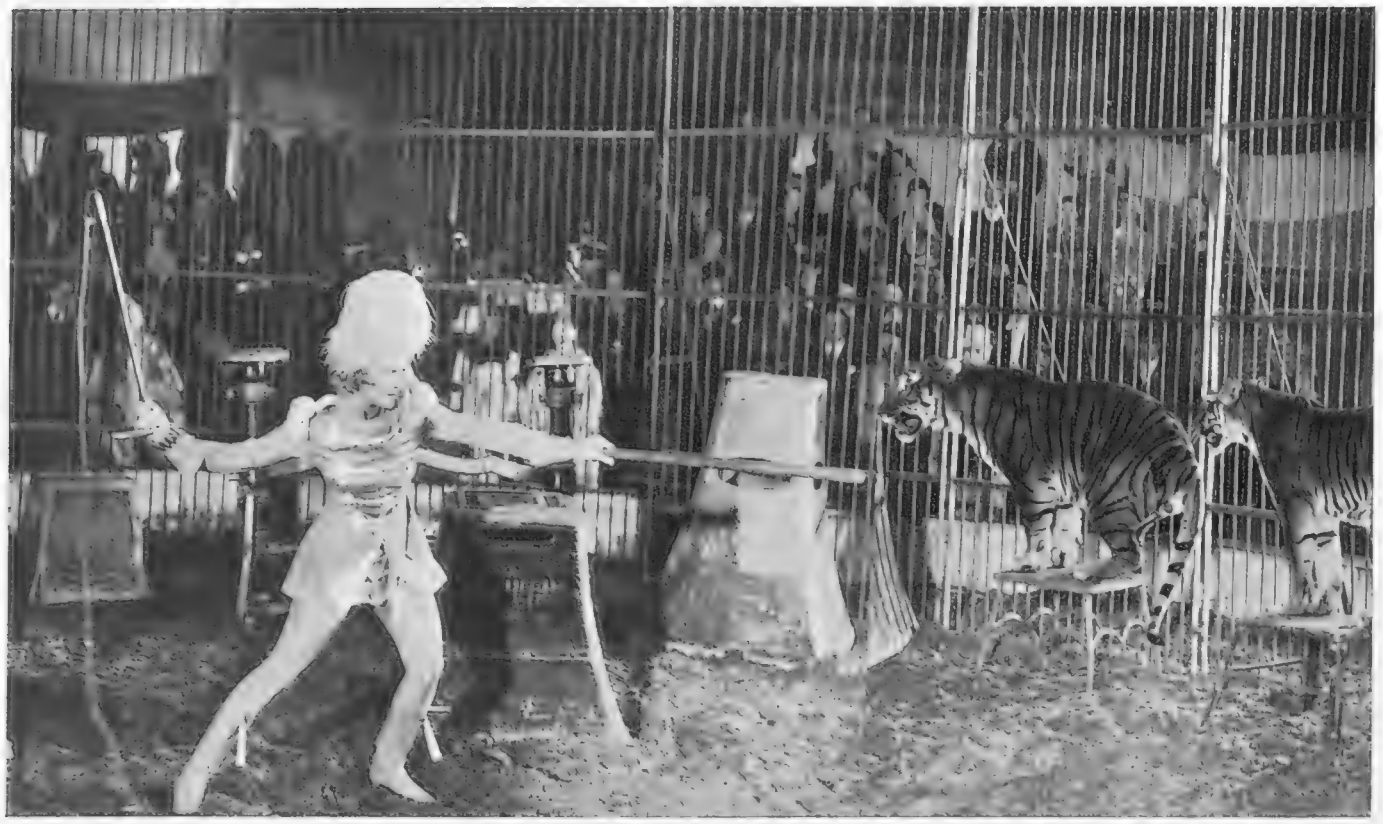
V. Sinclair



HYGIENIC EFFICIENCY: Another view from Randleigh Farm showing the glass receivers containing milk direct from the cows. Customers are able to witness the wonders of this electro-magnetic process through the windows of the parlour



HIGH-SPEED MILKING: As soon as the cows have entered their parlour, the operator opens the circular safety glass windows and places the cups of a milking machine on to the teats. An electrical apparatus then draws the milk into the glass receivers, whence it is directed under pressure to the bottling-room



THRILLS IN A NEW B.I.P. PRODUCTION: Greta Nissen as Zara, the tiger woman of the circus, in the screen adaptation of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, *The Red Waggon*, which has just been completed at Elstree under the direction of Paul Stein

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR: Jean Harlow as Kitty Packard, the pampered but bored wife of the self-made man, in *Dinner at Eight*—the successful adaptation of the Kaufman-Ferber play of the same name

On left—A RISING STAR IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT: Katharine Hepburn, whose unusual looks and dominating personality have made her one of America's foremost box-office attractions. It will be noted that she is a reader of "The Sphere"

A TENSE MOMENT

The proprietor of the circus (Charles Bickford) accuses his gipsy wife (Raquel Torres) of theft. Another scene from the B.I.P. production based on Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, *The Red Waggon*

PLAYS

To see a King sitting on a sofa in his palace reading THE SPHERE with an air of absorbed interest and declaring with royal emphasis that he would sooner do that than talk to the Queen I found most gratifying.

It was also a little disarming. I should like to be able to describe that incident as the one great moment, the zenith of interest, in the musical-play, *Command Performance*, at the Saville Theatre, written by Mr. Dickens—Mr. Stafford Dickens, not Mr. Charles Dickens. It was not that, but it was one of the scenes which was not too oppressively Ruritanian and one which had some comedy in it.

That was because the King was played by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, who has an amusingly tired air about him, and the Queen, by Miss Kate Cutler, who can be dry and incisive and rather funny with almost any material. We saw far too little of Their Majesties, and also of another Majesty, Miss Helen Haye, who plays the Queen of a neighbouring country, and is most attractively and elegantly royal in a part unsatisfactory enough to make all the royal angels weep royal tears.

Mr. Stafford Dickens, having undertaken to write a play about royalty, has been anxious to show that the Saville Theatre, like Todgers's, the creation of the other Mr. Dickens, "can do it well." So we have a king (to say nothing of Mr. Dennis King), two queens, a prince, a princess, and equerries, Court chamberlains, chancellors, and cabinet ministers galore. That they all do rather silly things would not in itself matter. What is at fault is that they have to do them in a spirit of, for the most part, sentimental pomposity which is hardly tolerable even in musical comedy.

Perhaps we are rather more sophisticated in the theatre than we were in the days when the late Anthony Hope was writing for it. I know that, with all the goodwill in the world, I found it difficult to be convinced by this story of an actor who was asked by a queen to impersonate her own son, the dissolute crown prince, to make love to a princess and, after familiar quarrels and complications, to marry her. Romance, even in a stage uniform, must have some degree of credibility about it. This, frankly, seemed utter nonsense.

Yet *Command Performance* has many compensations. The most important of them is Mlle Jeanne Aubert, who has every imaginable qualification in addition to a pretty face, of which we could not see too much, and world-famous legs, which we did not see at all, for fashionably long dresses swathed them continuously. She can sing beautifully and she is a very accomplished actress indeed.

Mr. Dennis King, who played the actor-prince, has that rare quality, *panache*. There is something of the late Lewis Waller in him, and he has in addition a touch of humour. How he managed to bring the latter into play in this tawdrily sentimental stuff I know not. But he did. Also, he can sing well. Mr. William Kendall as a faithful equerry was pleasant and unaffected. Mr. Martin Walker, who is a first-rate actor with a strong personality, was wasted in the part of the real prince, who had for a

and FILMS of TO-DAY

Jeanne Aubert Delights London Audiences in "Command Performance" at the Saville: "This Side Idolatry" at the Lyric—Shakespeare as the Central Figure in a Skilfully-written Play by an American University Professor

By PHILIP PAGE

few seconds to come on in a state of boredom and a dressing-gown in the first act, and again, also for a short space, in the second act, without the dressing-gown but still more bored.

The music is at its best when it is ingenious. The concerted number for cabinet ministers is clever and musicianly, and there are other good spots.

For an entire absence of jazz I was truly grateful. But the romantic duets and the marching chorus are rather too reminiscent.

"This Side Idolatry."—America, which sends us so much of our entertainment to-day, now sends us a play about William Shakespeare. *This Side Idolatry* may be regarded as a contribution, and a valuable one, from a nation which does not stop short of idolatry in its pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. We are grateful. The author, Mr. Talbot Jennings, is a professor of literature in an American university. His play, though not academic, is curiously detached and even bloodless. That fault, however, redeems it from more serious ones, and it is never che[ap].

The two methods usually employed in a task of this sort, which is bound in any event to be one of vast difficulty, are either out-and-out romanticism to the verge of Wardour Street, or the psychological and literary study, which is usually to be reserved *for* the study—that is to say, it should be read rather than acted.

Mr. Jennings has chosen neither, though he veers toward the latter. I find it preferable. To dress up an actor with a dome-like forehead and a beard, to make him fall in love with Mary Fitton, squabble with Ann Hathaway, spout some of Shakespeare's lines, and behave generally as would the hero of a score of cloak-and-sword dramas is too easy a way out, though it might afford good entertainment. Shakespeare is worthy of a little more than that. Heaven knows, that it is hard to know what to do with him, for the authentic material on which to work is so slight. Mr. Jennings has done in the sphere of the biographical play what the late Mr. Lytton Strachey did well with his books of biography.

That the play as a whole is not so full-blooded as it should be is partly due to the fact that it is split up into many sections which do not combine in order to let the play get into its stride as a dramatic whole, partly to the author's conception of Shakespeare's character, and partly to the actor's conception of how the character should be interpreted.

The events which are made to surround Mr. Jennings' Shakespeare are less important than the way he meets those events and their effect on him as a man. Most of the scenes are absorbing and nearly all of them are credible, though I do not think that Shakespeare, essentially a practical dramatist, would have mooned behind a hedge during the first performance of one of his plays, toying with a sonnet and jotting down lines for possible future use.

He would not even have made love to Mistress Mary Fitton, which we see him do, at such a moment; but if he had done so, would he have accepted so calmly the discovery of that very dark lady, who did not stop this side of adultery, in the arms of Lord Southampton? His grief at the death of Marlowe struck a more reasonable note; so did the rehearsal of *Hamlet*, one of the most subtle scenes of all, full of delicate humour.

Yet, it is fruitless to find fault with the suppositions of another because they do not happen to agree with one's own, when there are so few shreds of reality on which to base anything. If Shakespeare here is shown as a bit of a snob, writing his plays mainly in order to amass enough money to enable him to play the country squire, be it so. That business of the second-best bed tells us that he was not regardless of property.

We can at least rejoice in a play which, if uneven, has about it a curious charm. And everything about it delights the eye, just as Mr. Norman O'Neill's music, *pastiche*, but not too much so, delights the ear.

There were some admirable performances. Mr. Edgar Norfolk lived—and died—as Kit Marlowe in a way that makes one hope that ere long he will play Mercutio. Mr. Norfolk disappeared all too soon; so did Mr. Esmé Percy, as another roistering dramatist of the day, Robert Greene. Mr. Gyles Isham was a splendidly flamboyant Richard Burbage whom we have obviously to regard as an actor of the old school even for those days, a haunter, perhaps, of Elizabethan Bodegas. Miss Margaret Rawlings, the Salome of yesteryear, waxed amorous in the grand style as Mary Fitton. A number of smaller parts were played extraordinarily well.

I have said that Mr. Jennings has given us rather a bloodless Shakespeare. But no sort of Shakespeare could have been played more bloodlessly than Mr. Leslie Howard played this one. Mr. Howard hardly acted the part at all. His performance was not merely understatement; it was no statement. That Mr. Howard was possibly nervous and obviously miscast may be allowed. I am not asking that this Shakespeare should have ranted, particularly as the author did not wish him to rant. But there should have been some gesture, some variation of that grey monotony of tone. Little though we know of Shakespeare, he must have been a man with the theatre in his bones and some red fluid in his veins. Besides, those were spacious days. . . .

It was singularly unfortunate that in a play about Shakespeare, Shakespeare should always have seemed the least important person on the stage.

"The Wind and the Rain."—There is too much wind and too little action in *The Wind and the Rain* at the St. Martin's Theatre. It is a pleasant comedy about nothing in particular, about a set of rather nice people who do nothing in particular, and say too much without being sufficiently particular as to what it is they do say. Not that there is an embarrassing sentence in it, though there are plenty of unnecessary ones. The author, who is a young doctor, makes his people chatter for no other apparent reason than that he does not know what else to do with them.

Three acts can hardly be eked out with a story about a medical student who was engaged to a silly little blonde because his adored mother had chosen her for him, and who, when his mother died, broke off the engagement to marry the girl he really loved.

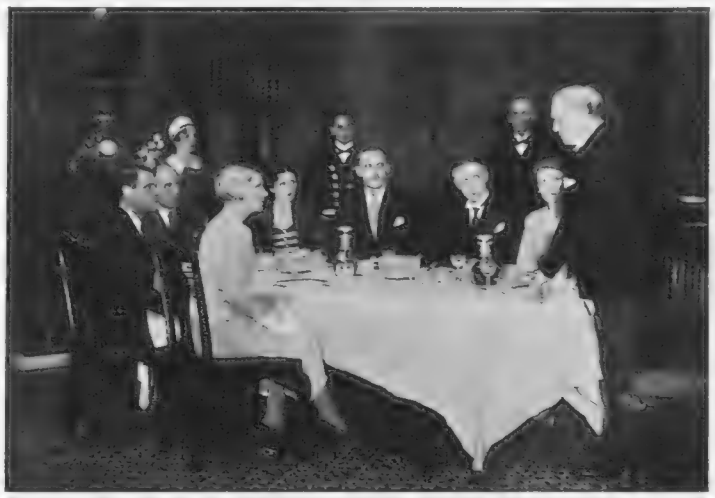
There was no reason why he should not have done this without his mother being killed off, for the blonde did not care two hoots about him. Also, it was unnecessary for the nice girl to threaten to go back to her home in New Zealand just because the medical student had passed his exams. But without these two points, neither of them of exactly devastating interest, we would have been left with even less play.

What the author, Dr. Merton Hodge, can do, fortunately, is to supply a certain degree of charm: since the whole of the action is supposed to take place in Edinburgh this, perhaps, should be Barriefied into "char-r-rm." His men and women talk like human beings and sometimes say amusing things.

And he can successfully reproduce an atmosphere. In this case his picture is that of the common sitting-room of the hero and his fellow students; one feels that it is a faithful one, though a whole evening provides rather too big a dose of it. I feel sure that Dr. Hodge will write a good play when he thinks of something to write about.

Mr. Mackenzie Ward had most of the "fat" as a lazy, cinema-haunting student who is a silly bounder but the sort of silly bounder one likes. He is a good comedian. Miss Celia Johnson radiated sympathy as the really nice girl; and Miss Judy Gunn, straight from musical comedy, gave a clever little study as the other girl who wasn't really so very nasty.

DRAWING ALL LONDON TO THE OLD VIC: Charles Laughton who plays the part of the loutish Lopahin in the revival of Tchehov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Flora Robson and Ursula Jeans are other members of a talented cast



THE DINNER-PARTY: A scene from *Before Sunset* which has been crowding the Shaftesbury Theatre during the past few weeks. Werner Krauss is standing at the head of the table

TALENTED JEANNE AUBERT who plays the part of Katherine, Princess of Vassau, in Jack Waller's musical production, *Command Performance*, at the Saville. Although she has starred in London cabaret, this is her first West End appearance on the legitimate stage

DETAILS WHICH INFLUENCE THE FUTURE

A plaid belt appliquéd across the front and back of the skirt prevents a too sudden division in this stone-coloured woollen suit from Victor Stiebel. It links up with the plaid blouse and gloves and the facings on the neatly tailored jacket. He does many variations on this theme, and shows a liking for matching or contrasting scarves. Tucks and stitched seams play an important and decorative part in this collection. The latter are seen above at the waist of a fawn coat with a beautiful beaver collar

"It is time that petticoats were seen again," says Peter Russell, and accordingly he makes evening dresses that closely mould the figure to the knees and then spread outwards, like a bell, stopping short to reveal a crystal pleated slip. Our artist has sketched above his model in black moiré. Composed of hemstitched bands round which run rows of white stitching, it has a petticoat edged with a double ruching of white moiré. The fascinating frou-frou it gives as its wearer walks is a feature of the winter mode

A huge posy of white violets is worn at the waist of Victor Stiebel's moss-green velvet dress, which is seen on the left. It heightens the effect of the skilful draping of the corsage and is another sign of the return to the glamorous modes of the early part of this century. The wonderful ermine coat has a huge collar of white fox. On many of his evening models he shows long tunics that are rather easier to wear than clinging sheaths, though they achieve a very similar silhouette

Over a black and white dress of delicately hand-tucked net Norman Hartnell puts a fairy-like coat with fascinating sleeves. Graduated tucks adorn the lower part, and rows of white osprey stiffen the edge and form a wide cuff. The frock itself is moulded to the knees and is a miracle of lightness. Of a very different type is his ensemble in black djalap. The dress has a very large white piqué bow on the corsage, and this material is used to face the collar and revers of the little jacket, with its sophisticated trimming of monkey fur which widens the revers and is carried down the whole length of the arm

SUNBEAM

THE CAR FOR 1934

The SUNBEAM "TWENTY" is an excellent example of Sunbeam workmanship and modern design. The model illustrated is the new "pillarless" four-door coupé, a beautifully proportioned car with windswept front. The Sunbeam "Twenty" has synchromesh gearbox, group system of chassis lubrication and hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Other Sunbeam Models

FOUR DOOR COUPÉ ... £775
SALOON £775

SUNBEAM "DAWN." *Four-door Saloon, gives a new meaning to motoring values* ... **£485**

SUNBEAM "TWENTY-FIVE." *Six-cylinder. Beautifully proportioned and spacious Saloon* **£875**

FOUR-DOOR COUPÉ ... **£875**

SEVEN-SEATER LIMOUSINE £1,045

SUNBEAM "SPEED" MODEL. *Six-cylinder. The Sporting car de-luxe. With "pillarless" streamlined Saloon body* **£825**

Enquiries are invited at:—

SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., MOORFIELD WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Lilley & Skinner Ltd

Sara is married and lives in Surrey. Judy an old school friend, has arrived for the week-end. "What a heavenly spot, Sara!" she's saying, but 'Nice new shoes of Sara's,' she's thinking, 'where on earth have I seen them before? Why, of course! at Lilley & Skinner's this morning.' And Sara is asking: "Well, Judy my love, what's it like still being single?" but all the time she's thinking: 'Smart new shoes Judy's wearing. Seen them before somewhere. I do believe it was at Lilley & Skinner's last Wednesday. Yes, it was!' And both together, they enquire: "Been buying anything new lately, my dear?"

Lilley & Skinner Ltd., 358-360 Oxford Street, W.1

If you come by car use the entrance in Stratford Place.

9 x 17. Golf ghillie in unlined russet suede calf. British Made. **39/6**

20 x 358. Continental Court in navy blue calf and suede. Also tan willow and brown suede. Leather Cuban heel - - - **49/6**

PRAGUE
The Golden

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

PICTURESQUE PRAGUE: A view of the Vysehrad quarter of the city from the River Vltava

When the Slav chieftains of old selected the site of Prague they made an excellent choice. Standing athwart the wide stream of the Vltava, studded with islands which are extremely picturesque, the city, with its magnificent buildings, surrounded by well-wooded heights, and terraced garden slopes, and crowned by the stately Castle of Hradschin, is one of the most beautiful of the capitals of Europe, and seen from a distance at sunset on a clear evening, with the strong light gilding its hundred spires, it may well be termed "Prague the Golden," for as such, for the part it played in maintaining undimmed the ideals of Czech and of Slovak, during the dark days of foreign domination, it is known in affectionate remembrance throughout Czechoslovakia to-day.

Prague has played a great part, too, in the history of Europe. It was here that John Hus, the Bohemian religious reformer, raised the standard of revolt, the forerunner of the Reformation, and it was here that the great Thirty Years' War broke out, when the Protestant nobles of Bohemia threw from the windows of the council chamber of the Hradcany Palace two of the Imperial councillors accused of influencing the Emperor Matthias against the Bohemians. A sequel to this was the election to the throne of Bohemia of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who, with his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England, was crowned in the Cathedral of St. Vitus. It was the son of Elizabeth's daughter, Sophia, who afterwards became our George I, and in this manner Prague and its cathedral possess an especial interest for Englishmen.

But the Prague of to-day is not only a city with a great past, it is a very modern capital, with buildings of the latest style in architecture, luxurious hotels, fine theatres and concert halls, museums with rich collections, containing objects of unique interest, and well-stocked libraries, and it is a great centre of artistic, literary, and scientific culture. Enormous strides have been made since the days of Habsburg domination, when Prague was treated as a provincial town, and the city is now worthy of its position as capital of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

With a good autumn climate and splendid facilities for recreation and amusement, Prague offers an admirable opportunity for an enjoyable autumn holiday. The city, for lovers of the picturesque, and of beauty in architecture, and for the archæologist and historian, is a mine of wealth. In the centre of what is known as the Old Town, surrounded by the market-place, is the old town hall, its oldest parts, the tower and chapel of St. Lawrence, and the ancient council chamber, dating from the fourteenth century. Opposite is the old Tyn Church, once the religious centre of the Hussites, containing pictures by the Prague painter, Skreta, 1661–64,

THE PURKYNE SQUARE: A view of the more modern part of Prague showing the Church of St. Ludmila in the background

IN THE GOTHIC STYLE: The fourteenth-century Charles Bridge and its tower which formed part of Prague's original fortifications

and the tomb of Tycho Brahe, the famous astronomer, and near by is the group of buildings known as Ungelt, where, as early as the tenth century, foreign merchants from Venice, Poland, and Russia, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews used to congregate for trade, and which was free from municipal jurisdiction, and hence known as the "Jolly Court-yard!"

Not far from this, nearer the river, is the ancient Jewish ghetto of Prague, with a synagogue said to be, after the Temple of Amsterdam, the oldest in Europe, whilst other famous buildings in the old town are the Carolinum, or Charles University, the oldest in Central Europe, the Powder Tower, a beautiful fifteenth-century building, which once formed part of the fortifications of the town, and the old Theatre of the Nobility, in which was given the first performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Crooked streets, straggling lanes, and quaint old houses abound in the Old Town, and for the artist this quarter is a paradise indeed.

Across the river, connected by the fine old fourteenth-century Charles Bridge, is the Hradcany quarter, where stands the Castle of Prague, of tenth-century foundation, extended by many of the rulers of Bohemia, and now the residence of the President of the Republic. In the castle precincts are the Cathedral of St. Vitus, containing tombs of the Kings of Bohemia, and of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, with a splendid chapel of St. Wenceslaus, prince and martyr, and priceless Bohemian regalia, and St. George's Church, a twelfth-century building. Near by is the famous Strahov Monastery, world-renowned for its pictures and rare manuscripts, and its beautiful old

(Continued on p. 168)

Travel That Repays

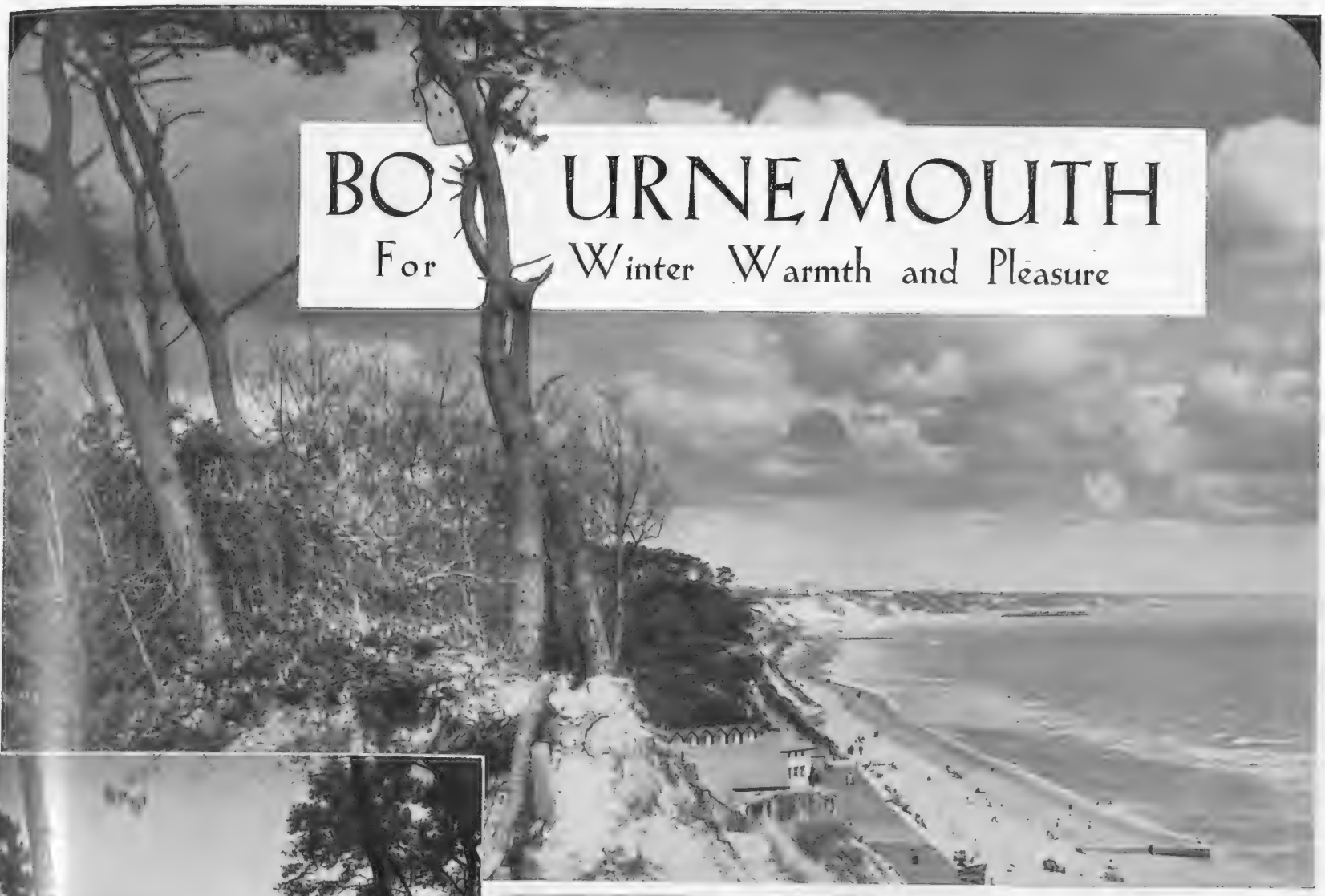
A world-traveller, lately home from a first visit to South Africa, observes in pleasant reminiscence that Africa was the first Continent to figure in history but the last Continent to be explored.

What an inviting line of thought for your travels this Winter!

South Africa, Land of Sunshine, linked with Biblical lore—the Phœnicians, the Pharaohs, King Solomon and Sheba's Queen, the Ptolemys, Antony and Cleopatra; the land of Prester John, of Diaz and da Gama, and, further down the centuries, the land of Livingstone and Stanley, of Kruger and Rhodes.

There is a background for travel—a realm of romance to which the Travel Organization of the South African Government in London can guide you with a minimum of effort and cost, and the maximum of comfort.

How we can do this is told in our little Handbook "The Sign of the Springbok" (A.X.). A copy will be mailed *gratis* immediately on request to The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. ('Phone: Whitehall 4488.)



UNDER AN AUTUMN SKY: Bournemouth beach, from Canford Cliffs

BOURNEMOUTH PAVILION, seen from the Pine Walk

THE ROCK GARDENS and Pavilion Terrace

A holidaymaker takes full advantage of Bournemouth's equable autumn climate

"Happy," they say, "is the country that has no history." If this dictum can also be applied to towns, then Bournemouth is secure in its good fortune. It is a place without a past—or, at least, there is not very much of its past that reaches beyond the records of the camera. "Bournemouth owes its rise," a publication of 1859 announces, "to the enterprise of the late Sir George Jervis, Lord of the Manor from 1836 to 1840. It was laid out by Mr. Ferrey." But a greater distinction, even than that of having been "laid out by Mr. Ferrey," is the praise elicited from Dr. Granville, "who gives this sequestered village the preference over all the bathing places of the South and West coasts." The doctor's judgment of Bournemouth's wholesome air is year after year confirmed by tens of thousands of visitors who, summer and winter alike, find in it those qualities which make for real and lasting physical stimulation.

IN RETROSPECT: Bournemouth as it was in 1856

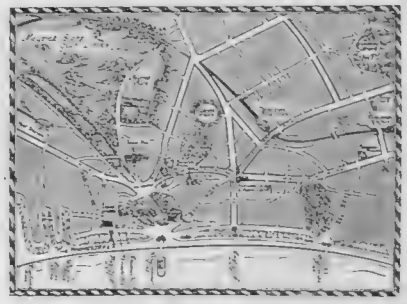
OCTOBER ON THE BEACH

Highest Situation in Bournemouth—
facing due South

Ideal situation, immediately opposite the Cliff Lift from the Beach. Within five minutes walk of the Pier and Pavilion. Extensive grounds with own nine-hole putting green, having approximately 500 feet frontage to the sea. Numerous large and small self-contained suites, with private Bathrooms, etc. Modern Garage, with lock-ups, equipped with labour-saving appliances. Central Heating. Electric Lifts to all floors. Hot and cold running water to all bedrooms.

Golf Courses: Meyrick Park ¾ mile. Broadstone 7 miles. Queen's Park 2 miles. Ferndown 5 miles. Brockenhurst 14 miles.

HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL
Bournemouth



Resident Managing Director:
JOHN STENBRIDGE.

Telephones: 4470 (2 lines)
Telegrams: Highcliffe Hotel, Bournemouth.

On the West Cliff . . with magnificent Sea views . . .

Within five minutes of the Pier, the Pavilion, Shopping Centre and all the principal amusements, Westminster Hall is ideally situated for residential guests.

The management is personally conducted by the resident Proprietors, the Cuisine and Service being exceptional.

All modern requirements in a first-class Hotel are efficiently met, and we would like to send you our illustrated tariff.

WESTMINSTER HALL HOTEL,
BEACON ROAD,
BOURNEMOUTH,

APPOINTED HOTEL.

Passenger Lift. Private Garage.

The SUNNIEST SPOT IN SUNNY Bournemouth

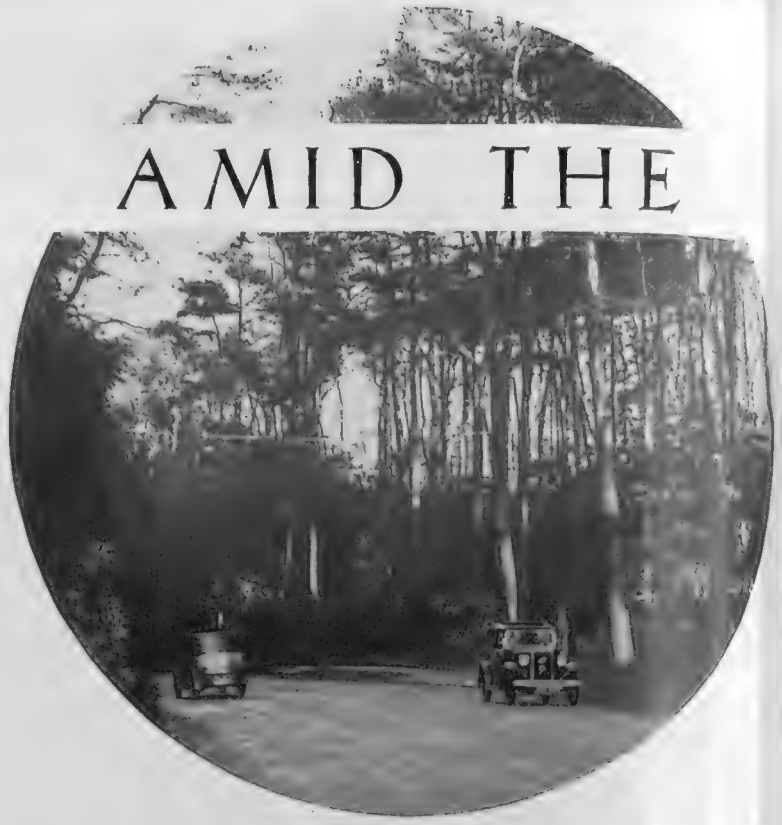
HOTEL EMPRESS

Central for all amusements, Sea, Golf and Shopping. From arrival to departure a homely and comfortable atmosphere prevails. The Hotel faces South and Sunshine, overlooking pleasure gardens to the Pier. Modernised in all respects . . . excellent cuisine; courteous service; NO EXTRAS. Electric lift to all floors. The only Hotel on Sea Level.

WINTER TERMS - 3½ GUINEAS WEEKLY

Illustrated Brochure on application to Resident Director, Mr. S. Sutliff. 'Phone: 1576. 'Grams: Empress, Bournemouth.

The SQUARE :: BOURNEMOUTH



AMID THE

Bournemouth, Town of Health and Pla

By COMYNS

I will own up at once that I am a Bournemouth fan. As a seaside resort at *any* time of the year I do not think *any* other can hold a candle to it, for whatever you want to do, this clean, bright, beautiful town provides it. The shops are first class. Its entertainments, headed by the Pavilion with their Municipal Orchestra, their Tea Lounge and Dance Hall, are as much as anyone can require. There are lawn tennis, summer and winter, bowls, perfect bathing, and all this in a clean town of great open spaces and pine woods, with a large resident population, so that it is not unpleasantly overcrowded in summer or a melancholy desert in winter.

But I will also admit that I was not always a Bournemouth fan. In fact not many years ago I avoided it like the plague. Prejudice entirely. Somehow I had got it into my noddle that all the sick and ailing from all over the country assembled in Bournemouth. I imagined it to be a town of decrepit invalids, bath-chairs, and institutions; but now I am a frequent visitor it seems to me that there are fewer invalids to be seen about than in any other similar resort. Another prejudice I got hold of was that it was Sabbatarian, and that Sunday was dead. This, of course, is absurd. For those who want a quiet and peaceful Sunday Bournemouth is ideal; but you can bathe, play lawn tennis, ride, golf, in fact do anything you wish without the townsfolk turning a gangrenous eye upon you. At some of the hotels on Sunday nights there is also dancing. No one need be dull unless they prefer to be.

Speaking of hotels, as I have been asked to give some indication of "where to stay," I shall mention a few of distinction, but of moderate price. Let me say at once that there are luxury hotels in Bournemouth and in the region of the Chines, I dare say, which are very good but very expensive. I am going to speak of those equally good but more moderate. Tollard Royal Hotel, on West Cliff, stands high up, is only a few minutes from the heart of the town, and all its bedrooms have a sea view, with its west rooms looking onward Branksome pine woods and Poole Harbour beyond. It has all the very latest amenities of a high-class hotel, including lounge, dining saloon (both undergoing enlargement), ball-room and billiards-room, while every bedroom has a bathroom or hot and cold running water. The great asset of Tollard Royal Hotel is its solarium, the large and beautiful sun-ray room on the roof of the hotel, which is very popular with all. Persons are permitted to wear bathing-dress while sunbathing in the solarium. The Tollard Royal, under its present energetic management, is definitely a place to stay at.

The Highcliffe Hotel nearby, also on the West Cliff, is an old-established and

A POPULAR INNOVATION: The new electrically-heated swimming pool at the Sandbanks Hotel

THE SANDBANKS HOTEL which overlooks both Poole Harbour and the Channel. A new wing has recently been added

TWO TO NOTE: The centrally situated Westminster Hall and Meyrick Cliffs Hotels

PINE TREES

Many Hotels, where ure are Assured

BEAUMONT

distinguished hotel, with a commanding view of the sea, to which extensive alterations have recently been made, adding a new wing with new public rooms and a private roadway leading to the beach. It has a fine frontage, is fully licensed, and all its bedrooms are installed with hot and cold water. Its cuisine is very good, and as it is moderate for a high-class hotel and its surroundings are very quiet, many will prefer it to any other.

In the same neighbourhood on the edge of the West Cliff, overlooking the sea, are two other hotels of which you will not complain if you accept this recommendation. The Westminster Hall Hotel overlooks the pier and undercliff drive, and is in close walking distance of every entertainment in the centre of the town, as is the Meyrick Cliffs Hotel also. This hotel is roomy and cosy, with a fine view over the sea, and its visitors once there like to stay as long as they can. It is extremely comfortable, the food is excellent, the service good, and the prices most moderate.

For those visitors to Bournemouth who prefer Boscombe way there is an excellent hotel at Southbourne (a mile or two beyond).

AN HOTEL WITH A VIEW: A striking picture taken from the spacious grounds of the Chine Hotel, Boscombe

This is the Southbourne Cliffs Hotel, of which particulars were given in THE SPHERE issue of September 30 (p. 3 of cover), and in Boscombe itself I should unhesitatingly give my vote for the Chine Hotel at the top of the East Cliff. The Duke of Argyll on one occasion publicly praised the Chine as the most comfortable and best-positioned hotel he had ever stayed in. You can walk to the sea through acres of terraced gardens belonging to the hotel down to the pier and bathing beach. The hotel is fully licensed and the charges most moderate. Baths are free. Going from Boscombe to the other extremity, we come to the Sandbanks Hotel, on the long spit of land which divides Poole Harbour from the Channel. Lots of persons swear by this hotel and will go nowhere else.

SERVICE AND SUNSHINE in the solarium of the Tollard Royal Hotel

Not long ago that epicurean, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who knows more about hotels than nearly anyone, stayed there and loved it. The hotel is unique in the sense that one side looks across to the Channel, into which you can throw a stone from your bedroom window, and on the other, over Poole Harbour, nowadays the gay centre of motor-boat yachting. The proprietor has recently added a new wing to the Sandbanks with a ballroom as well as an indoor bathing pool electrically lighted and heated. This hotel is extremely moderate and well worth a visit. I should mention finally the Whitehall Hotel, which has a fine view over the beautiful Central Pleasure Gardens in the centre of Bournemouth, and the Linden Hall Hydro, overlooking the Chine Gardens, both of these being extremely moderate in price.

OVERLOOKING THE PUBLIC GARDENS: The pleasantly situated Whitehall Hotel

Travel in Comfort

BY THE

"BOURNEMOUTH BELLE"

ALL-PULLMAN EXPRESS ON SUNDAYS

From LONDON.

Waterloo	...dep.	10.30 a.m.
Southampton West	... arr.	12.0 noon
Bournemouth Ctl.	... ,,	12.39 p.m.
,, West	... ,,	12.52 ,,

From BOURNEMOUTH.

Bournemouth W.	...dep.	6. 8 p.m.
,, Ctl.	... ,,	6.20 ,,
Southampton West	... ,,	7. 0 ,,
Waterloo	...arr.	8.30 ,,

CHEAP DAY TICKETS From LONDON

	Return Fares. 1st Cl.	3rd Cl.
To Southampton West ...	20/-	12/6
To Bournemouth Ctl. ...	25/-	15/-
,, ,, West ...		

Fares include Pullman Supplement.

OTHER PRINCIPAL RESTAURANT CAR EXPRESSES FROM LONDON.

	WEEK-DAYS							
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Waterloo ... ... dep.	8 30	9 30	11 30	12 30	1 30	2A30	3 30	4B30
Southampton West ... arr.	10 29	11 31	1 20	1 59	3 17	3A59	5 20	—
Bournemouth Ctl. ... ,,	11 19	12 33	2 26	2 40	4 15	4A40	6 16	6B30

	WEEK-DAYS—*contd.*				SUNDAYS		
	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Waterloo ... ... dep.	4 45	5 30	6 30	7 30	11 30	1 30	7 0
Southampton West ... arr.	6 11	7 18	8 0	9 38	1 30	3 9	8 56
Bournemouth Ctl. ... ,,	7 8	8 29	8 40	10 57	2 33	4 12	10 1

A—Fridays and Saturdays only. B—"Bournemouth Limited."

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS FROM LONDON ARE ISSUED ANY DAY BY ANY TRAIN AVAILABLE FOR RETURN ANY DAY WITHIN A CALENDAR MONTH.

To	1st Class.	3rd Class.
Southampton	22/-	13/3
Bournemouth Central... ..	30/-	18/-

Ask for Programme at any Station, Office or Agency of the

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

SANDBANKS HOTEL

SANDBANKS, BOURNEMOUTH

R A C

"The Hotel on the Sands"

Situated in the most Unique Position almost entirely surrounded by water.

= FULLY LICENSED =

All Bedrooms with Sea Views and hot and cold running water.

Bedrooms with Bathrooms *en suite* and Balconies.

= CENTRAL HEATING — LIFT =

INDOOR SEA WATER SWIMMING POOL well equipped with Purification Plant, Vita Rays, etc.

MOST MODERN AND ATTRACTIVE BALLROOM

HARD TENNIS COURT — PUTTING GREEN

Special attractions for Christmas

= *Telephone:* Canford Cliffs 24 =

BOBBY & CO., LTD.

THE SQUARE,
BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH'S LEADING STORE (40 Departments)
and
SPECIALISTS in the FINE ART OF HAIRDRESSING.

'Phone : Bournemouth 5354 (5 lines)

In the Right Atmosphere

The ideal Hotel for Winter residence. Delightfully situated facing South and overlooking the Sea. Modernised and luxuriously equipped—'Phone, Gas-fires and H. & C. running water all bedrooms, lift to all floors. Garage for 60 cars. Special Christmas programme arranged.

Special Winter Terms from 4 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure from Secretary. 'Phone : Southbourne 1060–1061.
. . . the Mecca of the Best Society—

SOUTHBOURNE CLIFFS HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

"SOLENT CLIFFS HOTEL"

SEA FRONT, BOURNEMOUTH

100 Rooms, hot and cold running water, large lounge, overlooking Sea and Pier. Dining Room, separate tables for 100 visitors. Smoking and Writing Rooms with South aspect.

TWO BILLIARD ROOMS (No Charge)

"Billiards for Men—Billiards for Ladies"

No Extras. Night Porters. Garage within 200 yards.

Apply :—BRODIE CARPENTER.

A WINTER

★ Plans for the Com

BOURNEMOUTH'S ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE: The floodlit Pavilion, seen through the pine trees

The Pavilion may very rightly be considered as Bournemouth's central point of focus for entertainment, both serious and light, and it offers a full and varied programme for the forthcoming winter season. Both the food and the service in the various restaurants that are housed beneath its roof are known to be excellent, and there is dancing every afternoon from four till six and again in the evenings.

Other regular features are the Tuesday afternoon concerts of light music given by the Municipal Orchestra, which always attract a large audience, and the more serious Wednesday Symphony Concerts, for which the services of many distinguished artistes are engaged. Among those appearing during the coming weeks are Adila Fachiri (November 15), Norman Attwell (December 13), Irene Kohler (December 20), and Melsa (December 27). Under the baton of Sir Dan Godfrey, the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra has become one of the finest in England, and these concerts enjoy a deservedly high reputation.

Plans for the second half of the season have not yet been announced. There are, however, three important international celebrity concerts in the New Year : Maria Ivogun on January 14, Galli-Curci on February 4, and Kreisler on Good Friday afternoon, March 30. In addition to all these concerts, there are a number of special recitals being given at intervals during the season — Kubelik is playing on November 5, Harold Rubens on December 10, Rubenstein on February 18, Cortot on February 25, and Rachmaninoff on March 13, while Paul Robeson is singing on the afternoon and in the evening of November 19. All these dates, except March 13, are Sundays.

THE WEST HANTS LAWN TENNIS C... can be played under ideal cond...

PICTURESQUE POOLE: The old town pump, seen from the Customs House

Another popular form of entertainment at the Pavilion is the Friday afternoon "Cinema Travelogue," which takes place regularly throughout the winter. Among many distinguished contributors to this year's programmes are Mr. Leonard Woolley, the archæologist, and Mr. F. S. Smythe, F.R.G.S., of Everest fame.

For some years past now Bournemouth has been one of the liveliest and most popular resorts for Christmas, and 1933 looks like proving no exception. Heavy bookings for the Christmas pantomime

THE BILLIARDS ROOM AT SOLENT CLIFFS HOTEL: Miss Thelma Carpenter, British lady champion, is seen playing with her father

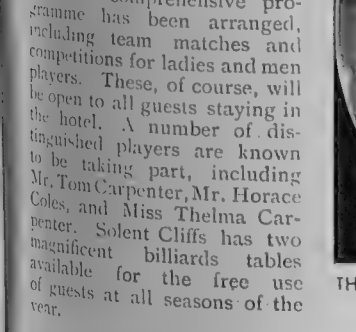
PROGRAMME

ing Bournemouth Season ★

are already recorded from the hotels, which also have their own programmes of festivity. At the Highcliffe on Christmas Eve there will be community carol singing followed by a concert; on Christmas Day there will be a Christmas tree in the afternoon, and after dinner in the evening a grand gala dance, finishing up with a "Punch Bowl" party. On Boxing Day there are to be putting, billiards, and table tennis competitions in the morning, before dinner a cocktail party for the hotel guests, and in the evening a fancy dress ball.

The Tollard Royal is also making a big feature of organized entertainment, and it is hoped that there will be a cabaret.

At Linden Hall Hydro the Christmas programme



CLUB: Where Britain's summer game ditions in the autumn and winter

extends from December 19 until 12.1 a.m. on January 1, 1934, and leaves never a dull moment in between. It is also hoped, if weather permits, to arrange a tennis tournament during the holidays, starting on Saturday, December 23.

At the King's Hall, where at all times the band and the floor are a delight to dancers, there will be

IN CENTRAL GARDENS: Deck-chairs round the ever-popular bandstand

There is no lack of theatrical entertainment during the winter evenings, since in addition to the fine stage at the Pavilion, mentioned above, there are two other theatres, the Theatre Royal and the Little. At the Theatre Royal one may be sure of seeing all the most recently successful of the London productions done by first-class touring companies.

After indoor entertainment, indoor exercise. There is a first-rate ice skating rink in Westover Road, with morning, afternoon, and evening sessions daily, and a varied list of special attractions; while for those who prefer slower motion, the indoor bowling green, held to be the finest in the country, is open from 10.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., facilities being available for temporary membership. Out of doors, there are the two municipal golf courses and four clubs in the neighbourhood. Also, there is the West Hants Lawn Tennis Club, the scene of many championship struggles.

Although Bournemouth is within easy reach of London for shopping expeditions the Bournemouth shops themselves offer such a variety of attractions, especially when they are decked out for Christmas, that the prospective purchaser of presents can get everything he wants. This is certainly a point that will weigh heavily with people who are thinking of making a long stay.

THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE at the Meyrick Park Golf Club

gaiety in plenty, and the New Year's Eve ball is likely to draw a throng of visitors.

Solent Cliffs Hotel has found fame as the home of billiards in the South of England, and from November 18 to 25 Bournemouth's Third Annual Billiards Week will be held there. As usual a comprehensive programme has been arranged, including team matches and competitions for ladies and men players. These, of course, will be open to all guests staying in the hotel. A number of distinguished players are known to be taking part, including Mr. Tom Carpenter, Mr. Horace Coles, and Miss Thelma Carpenter. Solent Cliffs has two magnificent billiards tables available for the free use of guests at all seasons of the year.

THE FAMOUS CHAINED LIBRARY AT WIMBORNE MINSTER is well worth a visit during a holiday stay in Bournemouth

HARVEY NICHOLS

of KNIGHTSBRIDGE and BOURNEMOUTH

IN our spacious showrooms at Bournemouth you will find everything you need for your home — ranging in style from reproduction antique to the frankly modern—and everything at agreeably moderate prices.

You can choose from large stocks of

FURNITURE LAMPS & SHADES
CARPETS HOUSEHOLD LINEN
LINOLEUM CHINA & GLASS
CURTAINS TURNERY & HARDWARE

and in addition we are always pleased to submit schemes and estimates for Interior and Exterior Decoration, which is carried out by an expert staff of artists and workmen.

We also undertake the removal and storing of furniture, and shall be happy to send very keen quotations for this service.

HARVEY NICHOLS and COMPANY LTD.,
Commercial Road, Bournemouth

OVERLOOKING CENTRAL GARDENS TO SEA

WINTER AT THE "WHITEHALL"

. . . 'mid the Pines. The Hotel occupies a very charming position and is centrally situated for all Amusements, Shopping, Sports and Seafront. It is newly decorated and modernised and is centrally heated throughout. Bedrooms are elaborately fitted with Gas or Electric Fires and Hot and Cold running water. Passenger Lift to all Floors. All public rooms are well appointed for maximum sunshine, whilst *every* room offers excellent views. Roof Garden for Sunbathing. Dances arranged in the Hotel Ballroom with our own orchestra. Accommodation for 100 guests.

Write to-day for ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE Post free on request.

WINTER TERMS from 4 to 6 Gns. WEEKLY
NO EXTRAS

Appointed R.A.C.
Phone: B'mouth 3255

Resident Directors:
Mr. J. E. HARRHY
Mrs. M. AVERY
Whitehall Hotel (Bournemouth), Ltd.

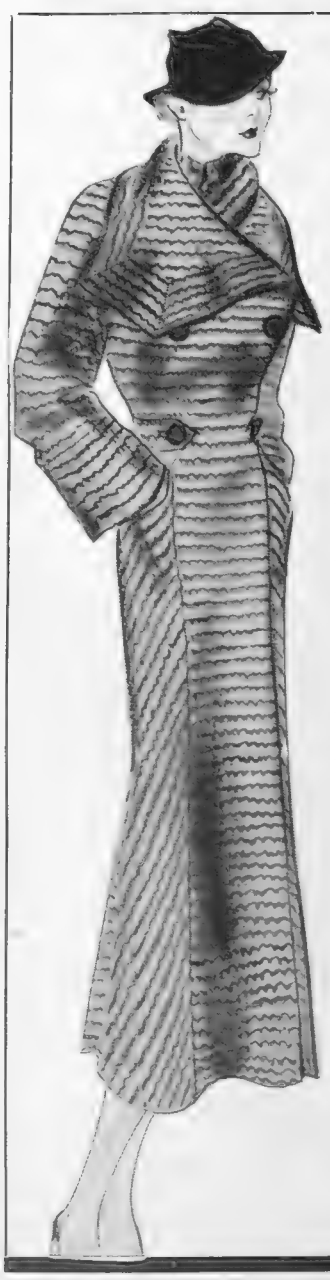
WHITEHALL HOTEL
Central Gdns., BOURNEMOUTH

LINDEN HALL HYDRO

Spend your Winter in sunshine and luxury at the largest and most up-to-date Hydro on the South Coast. In the Hotel itself and its grounds there is always plenty to do, whilst Bournemouth and the neighbourhood offer an unequalled choice of other sports and amusements. The Hydro, of course, has a most modern and complete equipment for Hydropathic and Curative Treatments for those requiring them, but apart from these, Linden Hall offers everybody a perfect holiday under ideal conditions. Hot and cold water, and Gas Fires are in each of the 130 rooms which may be reached by Electric Lifts.

For comfort, excellent cuisine, and real enjoyment at unequalled moderate inclusive terms with no extras, spend your Winter at

LINDEN HALL HYDRO : BOURNEMOUTH



Jaeger at your door

As soon as a new Jaeger Fashion is born, you can see it at Plummer Roddis. No need to go to London to see the very cream of the Jaeger collection—smart suits—exciting coats—clever and becoming jumpers. Don't let these lovely things blush unseen. Visit them at once in their new home.

PLUMMER RODDIS LTD

OLD CHRISTCHURCH RD., BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH'S

Premier

FURNISHING STORE

The Largest in the Provinces!

ALLEN'S of Bournemouth. The name literally spells quality in everything connected with house furnishing. During the fifty years of its existence the business has grown from a single small shop to the largest establishment of its kind outside London. The present magnificent building is one of the show places of Bournemouth. Two specimen furnished homes built actually in the store. Miniature cinema. Bargain floor. Arcade entrances. Electric Lifts. Luxurious appointments. Do not fail to visit Allen's when you are in Bournemouth.

PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS INCLUDE:

Carpets and Linoleums.
Fabrics. Modern and Period Furniture. Linens.
China and Glass. Hardware. Fancy Goods.
Dress Materials. Electrical and Radio.
Second Hand and Antiques.
Also
TRAVEL BUREAU. INSURANCE DEPT.
REMOVALS AND STORAGE.
(Ask Allen's to quote for your next move.)

J. J. Allen Ltd

Established 50 years: As modern as to-morrow

THE QUADRANT · BOURNEMOUTH

Tel.: 512

London Showrooms: 132, Sloane St., S.W. 1
Tel.: Sloane 6171

BOURNEMOUTH: WH

The Advantages of Makin shine and Scen the Efficiency an Municipa

By the Mayor (Councillo

A SUNSHINE AUTUMN: A view from Canford Cliffs of the wide stretch of Bournemouth beach. This picture, which was taken only a few days ago, emphasizes the delightful weather conditions prevailing during October

THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH: Councillor J. R. Edgecombe, J.P.

The promise of sunshine, although a strong recommendation, is scarcely in itself enough to induce people to come and settle in a place which has nothing else to offer. But in Bournemouth, sunny winters and temperate summers are only the background against which its many other amenities must be considered.

The comparatively recent development of Bournemouth as a residential town has been of great advantage to us in organizing our municipal services on the most up-to-date lines possible. Bournemouth has never been the home of any industry, and is free from slums. It has retained throughout the period of its growth the characteristics of a garden city, and its houses, situated for the most part among quiet, pine-clad avenues, are architecturally pleasing and are equipped with all the modern resources of comfort and convenience.

Gas and water are supplied by the Bournemouth Gas and Water Company—the former at the rate of 8s. 2d. per therm (3s. 0 d. per 1,000 cubic feet), the latter at a rate equivalent to 5½ per cent. of the annual rateable value of the residence. The water supply comes from the Wimborne district and from the River Stour in Dorset, and is subject to processes of purification and filtration which render it practically sterile.

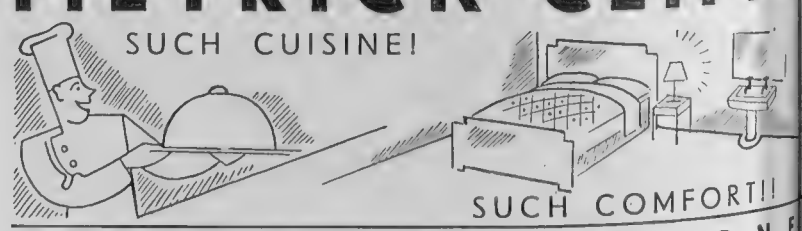
Electricity is supplied by the Bournemouth and Poole Electricity Company. The alternatives of a flat rate and an all-in rate are offered; this latter, of course, being an inclusive charge for electricity supplied for lighting, heating, cooking, and all domestic electrical appliances. For private residences a standing charge is made amounting to 10 per cent. of the assessment for rateable value of the premises for the first £20 of rateable value, with a minimum charge of £2 10s. per annum, payable quarterly in advance, plus ½d. per unit for all electricity consumed. No meter rate is charged under this system. The flat rate for lighting is 5d. per unit, and for heating and cooking 1½d. per unit.

With regard to municipal rates, Bournemouth has for some years been amongst the lowest rated county boroughs in Great Britain. For the current year

BOURNEMOUTH PAVILION, where Sir Dan G

MEYRICK CLIFFS

SUCH CUISINE!



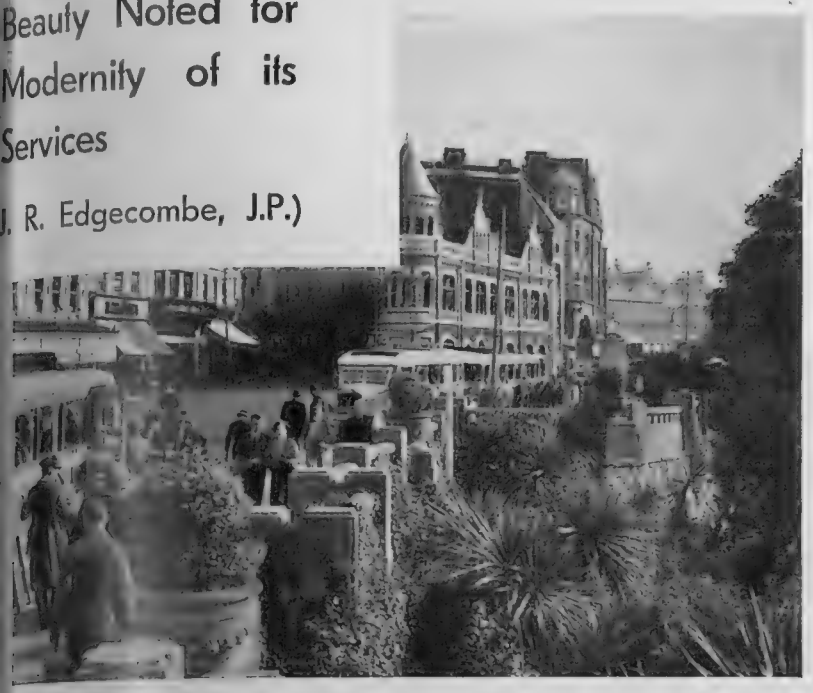
SUCH COMFORT!!

WEST CLIFF BOURNE

ERE SUMMER WINTERS

a Home in a Town of Sun- Beauty Noted for Modernity of its Services

J. R. Edgecombe, J.P.)



BOURNEMOUTH AS A SHOPPING CENTRE: Many of the great retail establishments are situated alongside the gardens, a factor which does much to make a morning in the town almost as pleasurable as one beside the sea

the general rate is 7s. 9d. For the three years, 1930 to 1932, it was only 7s.

The Corporation Transport Service is one of which we can claim justly to be proud. It provides easy access from the outlying districts to the shopping and amusements centre of the town. Also, it brings the surrounding country within comfortable reach. It is to be noted, however, that the various districts of which the borough is composed are not exclusively dependent on the central shopping district for their supplies, although here, of course, are to be found large departmental stores and other well-known shops, the presence of which gives this part of the town a busy metropolitan aspect both in winter and summer. Almost every suburb has its own shopping centre, and this, combined with the excellent transport facilities (there is a proposal to replace the trams by trolley buses gradually within the next few years), is an aspect which must strongly appeal to prospective residents.

frey conducts the famous municipal orchestra

As was only to be expected under such favourable climatic conditions, a number of private schools for boys and girls have been established at Bournemouth to meet the needs both of parents resident in the district and those who, because they are themselves abroad or compelled to live in town, desire to place their children in a healthy environment. In addition, mention must be made of the Municipal College, which provides every facility for a sound commercial education, and which includes an Art School recognized by the Board of Education as a centre for the training of art teachers.

There is also an excellent public reference library and lending library, with branches at Boscombe, Westbourne, Winton, Southbourne, Springbourne, and Charminster. As for recreation, apart from the two municipal golf courses, there are four golf clubs within very easy reach, and facilities for tennis, bowls, etc. are delightfully placed throughout the town. Several packs of hounds meet in the vicinity, notably Lord Portman's, the New Forest, and the South Dorset foxhounds, while good fishing is also to be found not far away.

These in brief are the chief factors to be considered in respect of residence in Bournemouth, and it is surely true to say that the remarkable development which is taking place here at the present time can only be attributed to the thoroughly satisfactory conditions that prevail. The prospective resident will find wide limits within which to satisfy his requirements, large or small, in respect of house property, and the town-planning scheme under which progress is being controlled affords a reliable assurance that property values are not likely to deteriorate as the result of unsuitable building innovations.

THE CHINE HOTEL

THE HOTEL WITH THE FINEST POSITION ON THE SOUTH COAST

Facing due South
Overlooking
Boscombe Pier and
Bathing Beach

Perfect Cuisine
Wines
and Service

Self-contained Suites. Bedrooms Hot and Cold Water. Gas, Coal or Electric Fires. Central Heating. Lift. Handsome Dining Room, and Lounges. All with Sea Views.

100 Rooms

Billiard, Recreation and Game Rooms. Four acres of Terraced Gardens leading down direct to Pier and Beach. Garage in the Grounds.

R.A.C. Appointed

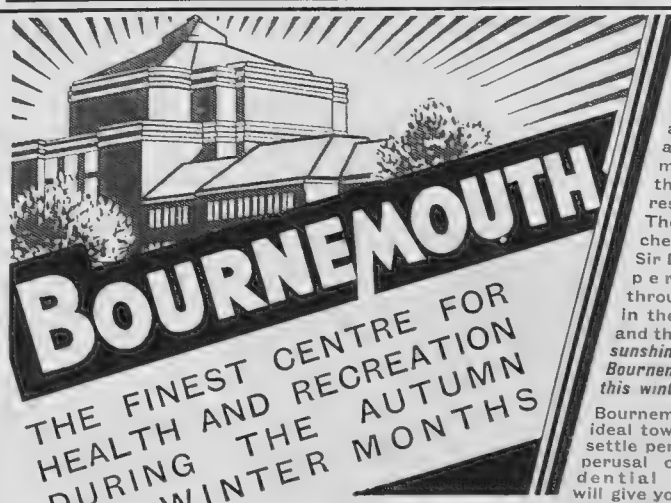
Telephone: Boscombe 1234

TOLLARD ROYAL
BOURNEMOUTH

Full Sea Front, secluded yet within three minutes' walk of Pier, Pavilion, Ice Rink, and Theatres. Magnificent panoramas. All modern comforts and amenities. English and Continental cooking.

Billiards, Bridge, Dancing, Music. Beach Hut. Garage.

Attractive Programme for the Christmas and New Year Festivities.



A mild equable climate, beautiful natural surroundings, and unique opportunities for amusement, sport and recreation, make Bournemouth the favourite winter resort of thousands. The Municipal Orchestra, directed by Sir Dan Godfrey, gives performances throughout the year in the Great Pavilion and the open air. *Find sunshine and health at Bournemouth yourself this winter.*

Bournemouth is an ideal town in which to settle permanently; a perusal of the Residential Brochure will give you complete information.

Write for Winter Literature or the Residential Brochure, free from the Town Clerk, Room 13a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

HOTEL

situated on the top of the west cliff, within three minutes of all amusements, commands a panoramic view stretching from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Purbeck. Every modern facility is provided, including hot and cold running water and gas or electric fires in all bedrooms. All-the-year-round season.

SINGLE ROOMS 4 to 7 gns. ● DOUBLE ROOMS 8 to 12 gns.

Sole Proprietors: Mrs. E. C. Mattocks and Mr. Cliff Mattocks.

M O U T H Telephone: Bournemouth 1456

Estab. 1845

REBBECK BROTHERS

CHARTERED SURVEYORS,
ESTATE AGENTS AND VALUERS,
THE SQUARE, BOURNEMOUTH

Illustrated List free on application.

PRAGUE the GOLDEN

(Continued from p. 160)

organ on which Mozart often played. Descending from the castle heights, one comes to the Malá Strana, or small town, where there are many very well-preserved ancient buildings; here is Tyrsuv Dum, the principal centre of the Czecho-slovak Sokol Union, which played such a great part in the emancipation of Czecho-slovakia.

PRAGUE'S FAIR PALACE where a permanent Trades Exhibition is held

Crossing the river by the Bridge of the Legions, one comes to the New Town, with fairly modern buildings, such as the National Theatre, a splendid specimen of Czech architecture of the nineteenth century; the National Museum, amongst structures of the Middle Ages, like the Karlov Church, and adjoining here is the quarter known as the Vysehrad, where once a fortress stood, and later a royal castle, but of which the fortifications now alone remain. Here are the churches of St. Martin, in the Roman-esque style, and SS. Peter and Paul, and in the cemetery close by are the tombs of several of the most famous leaders of the Czech nation.

Modern Prague has grown up about the quarters mentioned, and it is expanding year by year. With excellent local transport facilities, and with direct railway communication with all important foreign towns, and an aerodrome at Khely, where no less than ten air-lines cross one another, the city has become so accessible that it attracts visitors in increasing numbers from all parts of Europe. Its importance as a commercial and industrial centre is such that buyers from all over the world attend the Prague Samples Fairs, which are held twice yearly, in March and September. In fact, a permanent trade exhibition is maintained in what is known as the Fair Palace, a striking nine-storey concrete building, equipped with the latest technical accessories, and to the business man on holiday, this, in itself, is one of the most interesting sights Prague has to offer.

Finally, Prague is a very well organized tourist centre from which trips may be made to many other towns of importance, buildings of historic interest, and to various spas, through country famed for its lovely scenery, and giving glimpses of country-folk, the Bohemians, famed for their industry and their care-free manner of life.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HUS: The monument to the great Bohemian reformer which dominates the Old Town Square, Prague

THE HAIFA GATEWAY

(Continued from p. 144)

convenient base, Haditha, on the Euphrates, there bifurcates. One branch passes thence through Tadmor, Zenobia's desert stronghold, where she levied toll upon the rich caravans passing between East and West; the other crosses Transjordanian territory to the southern end of the Sea of Galilee, thence up the Vale of Jezreel and across the Plain of Esdraelon to Haifa. To the older generation these hallowed names are perhaps with difficulty associated with the products of this mechanized age. Yet, where the oil pipe-line crosses the Jordan, there is situated some of the most modern of electrical plant; at the great power-house of the Pinhas Rutenberg hydro-electric scheme, three turbo-generators of 8,500-h.p. each are already at work.

Though the pipe-line is rapidly materializing and is expected to function early in 1935, the railway yet remains to be brought out of the sphere of rumour. Indeed, rumour, still at work, has it that here surprises may be in store. Suffice it to say that where, as has been pertinently remarked, "God has provided hundreds of miles of good, ready-made road, why build an iron one?" some other than the orthodox railway may be evolved in a region so distinctive as the Syrian Desert and the Holy Land.

The Syrian Desert has, in fact, already become a veritable road to the East. With air and car connections beyond Baghdad to Teheran, the whole of Persia—also rapidly modernising—is becoming easily accessible. The Soviet communications in Turkestan and Central Asia include several air-lines; and from China, it is said, Dr. Sven Hedin, the veteran explorer, proposes to follow up the old Silk Road from that country to Rome. It is already no uncommon feat for cars as well as the regular aeroplane services to come through from India via Baluchistan and Persia. The Iraq railways connect Baghdad with Basra, the city of Sinbad, on the Persian Gulf by comfortable trains for those who still dislike the idea of flying, or find it beyond their means.

Not only is Haifa a gateway to the East for the traveller. An astonishing amount of trade will soon be passing through that port, which is to be opened formally by the High Commissioner for Palestine, Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wauchope, on October 31. Already for many years merchandise and new cars have been crossing the desert from Damascus to Iraq and Persia instead of being shipped to the ports of the Persian Gulf viâ the Suez Canal. Hitherto they have mostly been landed at Beirut, and have reached Damascus by the wonderfully engineered road that has been made by the French in place of the old caravan road across the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon with a pass some 7,000 ft. above sea-level. Now they will probably nearly all go by the less mountainous road from Haifa. That town more than doubled its population in the seven years following the War. It will probably grow still more rapidly in the immediate future.

There is also every prospect of trade increasing within the Palestinian borders, largely by Jewish initiative, in conjunction with ordered government. Palestine is rapidly becoming a manufacturing as well as an agricultural country. The Dead Sea potash works, which will eventually produce some 100,000 tons a year, the Haifa Portland cement works, the Eastern oil industries, soap and cigarette factories, all will soon reach the stage of exporting.

As with exports, so with imports for Palestinian use, much more is possible with a harbour of larger size and modern equipment, where ships of all tonnages can safely berth in all weathers; and the greater ease of importing agricultural and other machinery will have its influence. Palestine is practically the only country to have passed through the lean years of financial crisis with a budgetary surplus, and the new Haifa Harbour built during that time is a wise investment, and augurs great things for the material progress of the Holy Land.

Dorothy Mackay

James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., wish to announce that in a recent issue of this paper an advertisement was inserted whereon appeared the photograph of a well-known amateur golfer, which was used without the knowledge of the person concerned, and for which they desire to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere regr[illegible]

The CRUISE for SOPHISTICATES

Here is a cruise intended for those who are acquainted with all that the ordinary cruise has to offer . . . for those who will be entertained only by lands and peoples "off the beaten track."

The "GRIPSHOLM'S" itinerary includes two outstanding features—a stay in India, with an opportunity of enjoying its ancient culture, and a contrasting visit to East Africa, in all its elemental magnificence.

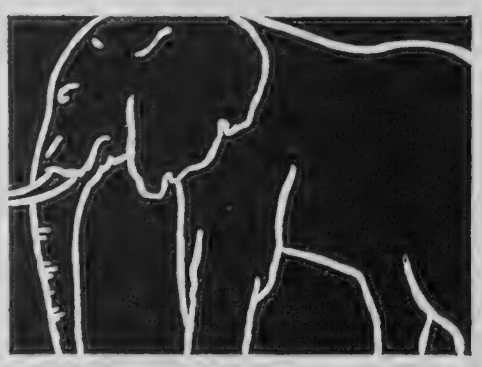
The ship itself caters for voyagers who appreciate the distinctive. It provides the finest English, French and Swedish cuisine, and its appointments reflect the famous Swedish flair for living.

M/V "GRIPSHOLM"

(18,000 tons) Swedish-American Line. January 17th—March 26th, 1934, from Southampton (or Marseilles, Jan. 23rd) to India, Ceylon, East Africa, Egypt, Palestine and the Mediterranean.

MINIMUM RATE 185 GUINEAS

A descriptive brochure, illustrated in colours, may be obtained from any accredited travel agent.



BIBBY LINE

WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS

ONLY FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS CARRIED

SPECIALLY REDUCED RETURN FARES:

	From LIVERPOOL	From MARSEILLES
EGYPT	£47	£40
SUDAN	£63	£53
CEYLON and SOUTHERN INDIA	£85	£80
BURMA	£100	£95
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS	£111	£107

MEDITERRANEAN TOURS

GIBRALTAR for Southern Spain and Morocco

MARSEILLES for South of France and the Riviera

EGYPTIAN TOUR—17 days in Egypt

FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT

INCLUSIVE RETURN FARES:

Marseilles returning to Marseilles	£64
Liverpool returning to Plymouth or London	£76

Write for Illustrated Booklet to:

BIBBY BROS. & Co. MARTINS BANK BUILDING, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL 22, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

KEEP *YOUR* WAISTLINE AT BAY

SPECIAL DISPLAYS AND DEMONSTRATIONS

are in progress at

SELFRIDGES, Oxford St. 3rd Floor.
GAMAGES, Holborn. Sports Dept., Ground Floor.
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, Oxford Street. Sports Dept., Ground Floor.
HAMLEYS, Regent Street. Sports Dept., 2nd Floor.
BENTALLS, Kingston. Ground Floor.
THE ARMY & NAVY STORES, Victoria Street, S.W. 1. Sports Dept., 2nd Floor.

Also obtainable from good class stores, chemists and sports dealers.

The TERRY SCULLING EXERCISER

DO IT THIS EASY "5 MINUTES-A-DAY" WAY

Don't let your waistline grow out of bounds. Take action. Exercise! 5 minutes every day on a Terry Sculling Exerciser solves the problem. 5 minutes exercise that will keep your waistline where it should be, and start the day for you with new vigour and new health. The Terry Sculling Exerciser reproduces, not only the actual movements of sculling, but, by means of the patented "rocker" attachment, the real sculling rhythm. There's no easier, pleasanter way of getting fit and keeping fit. Prove it for yourself.

Scull back to that 21-years-old feeling!

STANDARD MODEL No. 1173a. **4 gns.**
With rocker, **96/6**

DE LUXE MODEL No. 1173b. **5 gns.**
With rocker, **117/6**

JUNIOR MODEL for children. **3 gns.**
With rocker, **71/6**

The exerciser can be bought with or without the patent rocker. Most people prefer the added zest and reality of the rocker.

Made by Terry's of Redditch, world's leading makers of high-class springs and press work. Patent No. 384075. Rocker Chassis British and Foreign patents applied for.

THE TERRY SLIMMING APPARATUS. Complete **10/-**

For women the 'pull' can be adjusted to give a mild invigorating action.

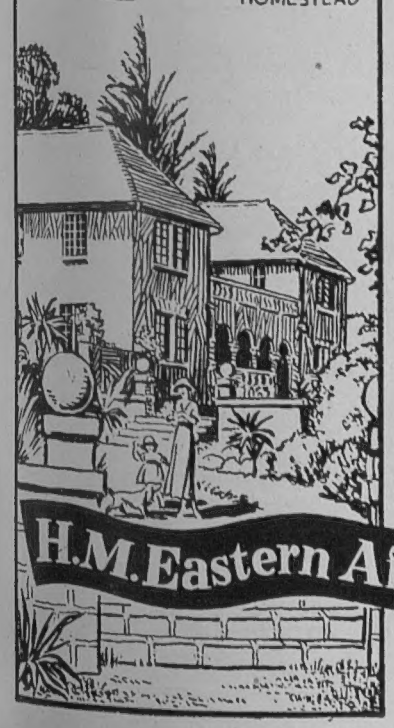
You'll be glad you retired to KENYA

glad because there is everything there that makes life well worth living—fresh air—delightful surroundings — kind climate — sport of every description (including big-game hunting and all home sports). Taxation is light, living costs are reasonable. There are good schools and every social amenity.

Farming offers a profitable occupation to the hardworking pupil or settler possessing adequate capital. Land can be purchased or rented very reasonably, whilst labour is cheap and plentiful. Conditions are exceptionally favourable to the production of Coffee, Maize, Wheat and Tea, and to mixed farming, fruit growing, cattle and sheep rearing.

The retired man with an assured income or pension who is interested in public and social work, will find in Kenya an opportunity of enjoying his retirement to the fullest measure, either in farming or in participating in local Government affairs. The weekly air mail keeps him in close touch with friends in England.

It is our business to give the prospective settler assistance and free expert advice on conditions in Kenya. May we help YOU? Enquiries are invited and can be dealt with by interview or letter.



H.M. Eastern African Dependencies

Trade and Information Office
Grand Buildings *(Strand Entrance)*, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

your guarantee

WE confidently assert that the 'Swan' is in all respects as perfect a fountain pen as it is possible to produce.

So certain are we of this that we unreservedly guarantee every 'Swan' Pen to give satisfaction, failing which, the full amount paid will be refunded.

Furthermore we undertake to maintain your 'Swan' in perfect working order and adjustment at any time without charge, replacements excepted.

There is no time-limit to the 'Swan' Guarantee

'SWAN' PENS *and* INKS

ALL PENS WRITE BEST WITH 'SWAN' INK

'Swan' Pen 200/47 Black & Gold Mosaic 20/-

230/50 (Jade) 23/6 Also other colours.

Made entirely in England

Obtainable of all Stationers and Jewellers. 'Swan' Pens 17/6, 20/-, 23/6 upwards. 'Swan' Minors 10/6, 12/6, 15/-. In black or attractive colours. 'Fyne-Poynt' Pencils to match, from 5/-

'Swan' Ink prices for Great Britain and Nthrn. Ireland 2 oz. 6d., 5 oz. 1/- Larger Sizes: 1/6 to 4/6

Illustrated catalogue post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 and 135 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange St., Manchester. 'Swan' Pen Works: Harlesden, London. 'Swan' Ink Works: Dingle, Liverpool.

BREEDING NEW TYPES OF DOG

(Continued from p. 143)

mate them, and then come back with the resultant litter. On your return—mind you, this is all most fraudulent and would probably be found out in any event—you would then say that these dogs were a rare kind of French Sudanese terrier, and had been bred for hundreds of years by, let us say, the Sultan of Pip. That would be your only chance. Supposing you got away with this, you would then give away puppies to various friends of yours on the understanding that they would show them at the next dog show which they were able to attend. As there would so far be no class of the French Sudanese terrier, the puppies would have to be shown in the "Any other variety" class.

Then if the new dog caught on (and all your friends would presumably be boasting that they had a positively unique animal) you might succeed in getting it registered as a new breed. If all went well thereafter you would be able to sell your puppies for the next two or three years at 15 guineas or 20 guineas a time. This may be treated by canine authorities as both silly and farcical, and yet it is not quite so farcical as all that. Every year new breeds of dog appear on the market. At this coming show of Cruft's, Australian terriers and Boston terriers are both being officially recognized. Let me hasten to say that they are perfectly genuine dogs of a perfectly genuine breed, and there is no funny business attached to their arrival on the scene. In the same way the German boxer dog and the lion dog will be coming along one of these days. At the moment there are not enough of them to be worth a class. Another dog which may prove a good bet is the Finsk Spets. This is a Norwegian dog, the great charm of which is its novelty. If it really takes on it will mean a lot of money for its breeders.

Actually for a dog to be a champion he must receive a championship certificate from three different judges. When this happens his value bounds up geometrically, and his owner is not likely to part with him whatever the price offered. For he is his owner's stock-in-trade, and by his stud fees provides a useful income. There are numbers of champion dogs, including Pekinese, whose stud fees are as much as 30 guineas a time. So that the £700, £1,200, or even £2,000 which is often offered and seldom accepted is not unreasonable.

Meantime, it is satisfactory to know that English dog breeders are the cleverest in the world, and English judges are held in the highest repute. Mr. J. W. Marples, for example, left London on Saturday on a tour of dog judging in South America, Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States which will not be completed before 1935. That shows the high regard displayed towards English judges and also the extent of the overseas market for this industry.

To get back to the finances of dog breeding, there are numbers of dog breeders who expect to make at least £2,000 a year clear profit. Then think of the amount of money spent in building kennels and all the hundred-and-one indirect by-products of this industry—dog collars, medicine, dog biscuits, and so on. Expert knowledge naturally reduces the element of luck, but it can be nothing but good fortune for the most intelligent breeder if in a single litter he gets as many as three or four champions, which sometimes happens. Yes, the more one looks into it, the more one realizes the element of luck. In the neighbourhood of Highbury some years ago an Old English sheep dog was bought from a drover for five shillings. He became the pillar of his breed and was worth anything that his fortunate owner would have liked to ask. I have been given instances of women who had never shown dogs in their lives who were taking their solitary puppy for a walk in the park when some stranger said pleasantly to them that they had a nice little dog and ought to show him. They have done so, with the result that they have been offered anything from £500 upwards for what they had bought for a £5 note.

Yes, it is an industry which in the past twenty years has grown out of all proportion. But if you think of going in for dog breeding you would probably be well advised to regard it as a hobby and not as a livelihood. As I have said, it is just like the Stock Exchange with the shares (in other words, the prices of the various breeds) rising and falling almost as rapidly as any stock on Wall Street.

A DISTINGUISHED PUBLICIST: Mr. David Jagger's impressive portrait of Mr. A. J. Greenly, F.I.P.A., which is now being shown at the R.O.I. Exhibition, 195, Piccadilly. Apart from his great work in the development of advertising, Mr. Greenly has actively associated himself with many efforts to preserve the amenities of the countryside. He was the instigator of a committee which, in co-operation with the Maldens and Coombe Urban District Council, ensured that the beautiful golf courses of Coombe Wood and Coombe Hill were preserved as open spaces for posterity

IN BAGHDAD TO-DAY

(Continued from p. 144)

Our conveyance, a light trailer hooked to an 8-cylinder Buick, skidded, bounced, and slid its way on our 500-mile almost non-stop journey at a far greater speed than usual, this being the *only* method of preventing our becoming hopelessly bogged in the mud.

Our two drivers (both Englishmen) drove magnificently—facing their herculean task of holding a heavy car and swaying trailer at speed on their way over flooded, rocky, and trackless desert in icy cold, hour after sleepless hour, leading and shepherding the remaining cars of the convoy with dauntless and smiling fortitude, reaching Damascus with the mails up to time, though no other convoys had crossed successfully for many days.

Such a thing speaks for itself, and was an oasis in the desert of Orientalism through which we had come north from Basra. Dirty railways; uncared for remnants of Western efforts at civilization on every hand; the "Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow" motto everywhere apparent. Retrograde—obstructive to progress, antipathetic to all manner of change—yet withal the East.

C. Handley

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship carry on the great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women. 1,100 Children are always being maintained in the Society's Homes at London, Esher, Bisley, Royston, Twickenham, Orpington, and the new Training Ship *Arethusa*. Donations and Legacies are most urgently needed to meet current expenses. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Smoke
PLAYER'S
AIRMAN
MIXTURE
The finest mixture
at 10D per oz
ALSO PLAYER'S 'AIRMAN' NAVY CUT
DE LUXE AT 11D PER OZ.
P.A.32.

NEWMARKET

WARREN HILL, NEWMARKET.

Approximate size of print 16 inches by 9 inches.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,
recently published in "THE TATLER," has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended.
REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) £3: 3:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1:11:6
ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED STRICTLY IN ROTATION.
Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject "A Training Gallop" are exhausted, and that print is now at a premium.
To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland postage 1/- extra) from
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *October* 28, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903

TRAVEL NOTES for "SPHERE" READERS

Answers to Enquirers

D., Devonshire (Italy and Spain).—San Remo has been a popular winter resort for so long that the hotels have attained a very excellent standard. At the Hotel Savoia you would get winter terms for about £1 per day; at the Hotel Londres the terms would be 12s. per day. At Arma de Taggie, twenty minutes from San Remo, there is a comfortable hotel, the Mirimar, terms from about 9s. per day. There is an 18-hole golf course at San Remo, set among wooded hills and overlooking the town and the sea. At Algeciras the Hotel Christina is very excellent indeed, and there golf and tennis are to be had in the immediate neighbourhood, and there are four steamer services daily to Gibraltar. At the Christina you would get en pension terms for 15s. or 16s. per day from October to the end of December. The winter climate of Algeciras is ideal.

W., Sussex (Holiday in Italy).—With the reduction in fares offered by the Italian State Railways, you could travel to Rome 2nd class for £11 18s. 9d. If you wished to visit Florence en route the ticket would cost £12 6s. When in Rome you might visit Naples, the return journey costing 16s., and on your way back to England you could spend a few nights at one of the pretty little resorts on the Ligurian Riviera, Rapallo, or Portofino Mare for instance. In Rome you could stay at the Elysée Hotel, Via de Porta Pinciana 30, for about 13s. per day, in Naples at the Alexandra House Hotel, Via Carracciolo 13, for 10s. per day, in Florence at the Hotel Minerva for 14s. per day, in Rapallo at the Bristol Hotel for 11s. per day, and in Portofino Mare at the Splendid Hotel (small and simple in spite of the name) for 10s. per day. The 2nd-class return fare to Lugano is £11 6s. 2d., so that it is almost as cheap to go to Rome.

B., Yorks (A warm winter resort plus winter sports).—Malaga, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, has a warm, dry, winter climate, and you would get winter sports in the Sierra Nevadas, 80 miles distant. Your best headquarters in these mountains would be Grenada, where the Hotel Washington Irving is very comfortable.

C., India (Sailings to Majorca).—Details of the sailings to Palma, Majorca, are as follows: Marseilles, one steamer per week (on Friday evening), the 1st and 2nd class single fares being 350 and 175 francs respectively; Barcelona, sailings every weekday, the 1st and 2nd class fares being 60 and 45 pesetas respectively; Valencia, irregular sailings, 1st and 2nd class fares being 70 and 52 pesetas respectively. The voyage in each case is an overnight one. There is no main coastal railway line from Barcelona to Seville, and foreign visitors are always advised to go via Madrid.

W., Surrey (Hotels in Mentone and 3rd class sleepers to the Riviera).—A hotel in Mentone in an open situation and with a garden is the Gallia Hotel, where the en pension terms would be about 10s. per day. The new 3rd class sleepers are available only on one express train—the 9.35 p.m. Rapide.

Hints for Travellers

WINTER SPORTS.

Although it is somewhat early to be talking of winter sports, a few people are already enquiring about cheap Christmas tours to Switzerland and Austria and will therefore be interested to hear that for £17 17s. 6d. it is possible to spend one week at an hotel in Grindelwald, the travel being first-class throughout. The first-class return journey to Grindelwald alone is approximately £15 8s., so that one can quickly appreciate the very economical price of this tour. A similar tour to St. Anton in the lovely Voraalberg district of Austria costs £22 4s. The tourist agency planning the above tours are also organizing special winter sports holidays for school children. Each party will be accompanied by a chaperon or tutor.

A "RUNABOUT SEASON" ON THE L.M.S.

A record number of more than 135,000 holiday contract tickets, or "runabout seasons," giving a week's unlimited travel in ten selected areas in England and Wales, have been issued by the L.M.S. Railways during the principal holiday months this year, an increase of over 16,000 compared with the corresponding period last year. The most popular area was the Lancashire Coast and the Lake District. Other districts strongly fancied were Morecambe, the Lakes, West Cumberland, Keswick and the Border land, and the Peak District of Derbyshire.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private H.
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room H.
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private H.
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms H.
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion H.
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House H.
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House H.
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court H.
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Do.	York Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms H.
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Do.	The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland	Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie	Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro H.
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T.	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private H.
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale H.
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private H
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House H.
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do.	Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston H., Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

— reflects all that is best in Sport, Hospitality & Quality.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 *October* 28, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.